

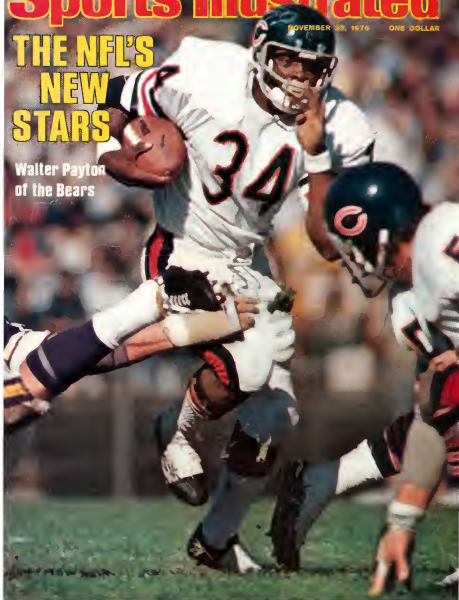
Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 23, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

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of the Bears



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Delco's Z-Line



Delco's E-3000



Delco's E-5000



Delco's Freedom

Go with the names you know.



AC DELCO DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Next Week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL gets set for the opening tip-off. Which team will be cutting down the nets in Allen Iverson's Overtime after the season's final buzzer is predicted in the Top 20, one of many features of our special issue. Among the others are Barry McDermott's analysis of the effect of hardship cases, a gallery of coaches going bananas on the sidelines and Frank Deford's profile of Marquette's top banana, Al McGuire. Plus the big college football game in Los Angeles: USC vs. UCLA.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except two weeks combined in one year and by subscription only. Published by Time Inc. Sports Illustrated, Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020. A Division of Time Inc. Magazine Company. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Footloose

by RALPH MONCRIEF

GRABBLING IS SCARY AND NOW ILLEGAL, BUT IT IS STILL DONE BY FISH FOLK

Grapple fishing, at least as practiced an East Texas, is a sport that requires steely nerves and such a hunger for a fish dinner that it overcomes the fear of those "other" things lurking beneath the quiet backwaters of creeks and stock ponds. Grapple fishing is not practiced as openly as it used to be. It is now frowned upon by game wardens, and grabblers grapple at their own peril. Today, if you are caught in the act and brought to justice, your hoped-for dinner will cost you from \$10 to \$200, depending on the judge.

"And well it should," says game warden Jim Riggins. "Grapple fishing is not a sport. It's dangerous and, besides, there's no telling how many thousands of potential fish are destroyed by grabblers. That is the main reason it is prohibited. The reason the fish are back under the banks in those holes as the first place is to spawn. After the eggs are laid, the males go in to 'fan' them and, while they are at work, they don't stand a chance if a grabbler bothers them."

But back when I was a follower of my big brother in Scroggins, Franklin County, grapple fishing flourished. Game wardens hadn't even been heard of in those parts of the piney woods.

Strong arms, like those attached to goondas, are a great asset in grabbing. Perch and catfish and those "other" things hide themselves in deep, cool holes up under the banks of the creeks and stock ponds. Pole fishing for them is an impossible dream. The only way to take home a mess of fish was to grabble them out. The steely nerves are for plunging your arms and hands into those holes.

As a spectator sport, nothing, not even a Super Bowl, can top the excitement and show that grabblers put on. Some float on their backs with just their noses showing, their arms rammed into the bank up to their armpits. Some stand on their heads, their legs scissoring to keep their balance. Others disappear beneath the surface, where they remain for long minutes. On shore, grabbler watchers roll on the ground laughing until their bellies ache.

Those "other" things are what produce the excitement. Near Mount Pleasant, a northeastern neighbor of Scroggins, there lived a lay preacher who was an avid grabbler, ordained of God. One day he dived into a creek and was under so long the bank watchers started worrying. Suddenly he broke water like a blowing whale and yelled, "Tell George to get a plowline I gotta bug 'un."

Christmas

is a moving experience.

The preacher took the line under, and the water quieted for almost two minutes. Then the water heaved and boiled and he emerged, towing a huge moss-backed turtle with his left hand. He held his right hand aloft, like the Statue of Liberty, and it was spouting blood. The turtle had snapped his thumb off at the joint.

You never had to go out very deep, though, and nobody around Scroggins probably ever saw a kid wear a swimsuit. Nobody would have ever thought of wearing protective gloves either. Mostly we just jumped or waded in the water in our coveralls, or just plain took 'em off and went in stark naked. The catfish, perch or whatever lurked near bushes or in mudholes or under rocks not far from shore, and we learned to stick our fingers in a fish's gill soon as we grabbed it, otherwise you got "lined," which is painful. Then you tossed whatever you grabbed on the bank, hoping what you had grabbed really was a fish. There was yet another way of grabbing that involved making a sort of Molotov cocktail for the fish. What you did was get yourself a fruit jar and punch a hole in the lid. I think it was lime, or some substance like lime that the kids put into the fruit jar. When the jar hit the water, the stuff created a gas and the glass would explode. The idea here was to stun the fish, but even when I was little it didn't seem a very fair way of grabbing.

My big brother Ray was a topnotch grabber. That is, he was until one hot summer day after crops were laid by.

Ray and his gang liked to grabble the stock pond that nestled at the foot of the sand-hill farm Papa sharecropped near Winnsboro. On this particular day Ray was riding a pine log in a little tules and giving a hole under some brush a real workout. Things were quiet until a yell split the humid air:

"Man!" Ray whooped. "I've got two of 'em!"

Slowly, he withdrew his arm, careful not to fall off the log or lose his catch. As he brought his catch above the surface, he was eyeball to eyeball with a cottonmouth moccasin doubled up in a tightly clenched fist, its tail beating the air.

For a long, paralyzing moment Ray gazed into the sinister black eyes and at the darting tongue. Then, with a toss like a discus thrower, he flung the moccasin from him. It coiled through the air like a piece of dirty rope, splashed into the murky water and disappeared in a boiling froth.

Ray fell off his pine log and skimmed the 25 yards to the opposite shore. If that swim had been stopwatched, it would have set a record that would be standing till this day.

That cottonmouth catch made a former grabbler out of Ray, and also his buddies. Grabbling in the sand-hill stock pond ceased, and it didn't take a warning from a game warden, either.

END



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BOOKTALK

by ANITA VERSCHOT

THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY ARE WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERS FOR ATHLETES

Although an athlete may train with the utmost dedication, he may not achieve the level of performance of which he is capable unless he provides his body with the proper fuel. Therefore, athletes are forever in search of magic potions that will enhance their energy, strength and stamina. However, they find that the diets promulgated in recent years by physicians, trainers, coaches, fellow athletes and pharmaceutical companies are confusing, to say the least. Should an athlete follow a high-protein diet? Should he restrict his sugar or salt intake? Does drinking beer help gain weight? Should he swallow five different kinds of vitamin pills a day plus a protein supplement? Should he overload on carbohydrates?

In a comprehensive study, *Food for Sport* (Ball Publishing Company, \$4.95), Dr. Nathan J. Smith, professor of orthopedics at the University of Washington in Seattle, makes it clear that even if it has nutritional merit, no one dietary regimen is suitable for any large number of athletically active people. He has analyzed the nutritional requirements of athletes in all age groups, paying special attention to their particular sports, the level of performance they wish to attain and their need for desirable weight gain or loss. Along the way, Dr. Smith scuttles a few myths, such as the importance of a high-protein diet and the value of protein supplements. He points out that a basic diet provides abundant protein, also, that protein is the least efficient source of energy and may even lead to loss of appetite and diarrhea. As for the vast selection of high-potency vitamins that are consumed by the majority of athletes, Dr. Smith asserts that such supplements usually far exceed the body's needs. "It has been said," he writes, "that American athletes have the most expensive urine in the world."

Dr. Smith provides answers to most any nutritional question an athlete may have, and advocates a healthy, balanced diet in which foods rich in carbohydrates, the most efficient and readily available source of energy, are an essential element. His chapter on energy demands, which deals with carbohydrate restriction followed by carbohydrate loading before an important competition, should be of particular interest to the high-performance athlete.

It is regrettable that few athletes are properly guided in their search for energy sources, especially in the U.S. Dr. Smith, for one, has far more to offer than a plate of spaghetti or a stack of pancakes.

END



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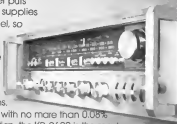
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Shopwalk

by MARTHA SMELGIS

A 'DON'T GIVE UP THE (WOODEN) SHIP' SPIRIT INFUSES A CHATTY MAGAZINE

It has been two years since boatbuilder Jon Wilson, 31, started his own magazine, gaining \$10,000 in savings on a hunch that, somewhere out there, there were enough purists to keep it afloat. His publication is now 12 issues old, and it seems safe to report that defending an old maritime tradition has its rewards. The circulation of *The Woodenboat*, whose credo is that power corrupts but plastic corrupts absolutely, has grown from two subscribers to 20,000.

An unabashed buff magazine, *Woodenboat* is printed on good glossy stock and is as handsome as a newly varnished deck. Wilson's young staff puts it together in Brooksville, Maine with obvious love and a chatty, straightforward editorial style that is blessedly free of jargon. High-quality photography shows off the boats at their best, proving that if wood's performance can be duplicated by fiber glass and aluminum, its esthetic qualities cannot.

In addition to providing designs for everything from square-rigged barks to Peruvian balsalog rafts, the magazine insists on "boat sense," the ability to choose a reasonable project that one can complete in a lifetime. For the less patient, *Woodenboat* has offered a quickie punt plan—a mere 24 hours of labor from start to finish. And for those with staying power but not quite the talent to tackle a homemade Tancook Whaler, the magazine has published a step-by-step account of how to build a small, graceful round-bottomed boat just for fly-fishing: lofting, backbone setup, planking, framing, trim and finish—212 hours and \$450 worth of materials.

Wilson, who is both editor and publisher, stirs in fiction, book reviews and classified ads with articles on all aspects of boatbuilding, including such spellbinders as "When the Keel Drops Off" and "How I Almost Used My Kayak As Firewood." There are also tips and detailed instructions on how to use hand tools, and homemade remedies get equal play with technical advice on such topics as how to stop rotlockness, that perennial destroyer of wood.

The staff's spirited campaign to maintain a grand tradition infuses the subscribers. The readers of *Woodenboat* are passionately involved, exchanging lengthy comments in the letters section on such topics as "Is butt-seam planking a villain?" *Woodenboat* costs \$9 for six issues per year, and can be obtained by writing P.O. Box 268, Brooksville, Maine 04617.

END



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If you're interested in a few specifics, the platform alone cost Exxon over \$70 million to build (total cost for the entire project will exceed \$500 million). It stands about five miles off the California coast, and nearly doubles the world's water depth record for this type of structure. When full production is reached, it will handle some 60,000 barrels of crude oil a day—that's enough energy to fuel 438,000 cars, plus heat 165,000 average-size homes, and provide electricity for 370,000 average-size households a day.

These facts may help you appreciate why finding new supplies of energy today is a challenging, costly and risky venture.

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Companies like Exxon.



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"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

POLITICAL GOLF BALL

Jimmy Carter's sporting interests are coming in for attention. His well-publicized participation in softball games during the campaign served as something of a counterbalance to Gerald Ford's equally well-publicized career as a center on the University of Michigan football team. Now that Carter is taking over the Oval Office, an aide was asked about the President-elect's other sporting interests, specifically golf, which both Ford and Richard Nixon are so fond of playing. "Golf?" the aide said, as though Carter had been charged with creeping Republicanism. "No, Jimmy never took much to golf. He plays tennis a bit, loves fishing and is crazy about auto racing. But golf? Forget it."

ONE MAN'S OPINION

James Laperrère was an outstanding defenseman with the Montreal Canadiens for 11 seasons. More recently he was coach of the Montreal Juniors in the Quebec Major Junior Hockey League. Two weeks ago he quit.

"That's not my idea of hockey," he said after his team and the Sorel Black Hawks were penalized a total of 334 minutes. Previously, he had said, "Hockey is a physical game, and I played it that way. But violence? There is no room for violence. By telling kids to fight, to intimidate, to concentrate on stuff like that, we are doing an injustice. We are not teaching hockey. We are creating goons."

Three days before the Sorel game, Laperrère's club had been in a similar brawl with Trois Rivières. "It started before the game," he said. "Some of their players told ours, 'Watch your heads tonight.' When the game started, the threats became real. When it got out of hand, I called my team off the ice. I had no intention of keeping them off. I just wanted the league to recognize a protest, to know how strongly I felt."

Laperrère was fined \$1,000 for that, even though his players had obeyed his

precept of fighting "only to defend yourself." The donnybrook had been started by a rival player.

"It was clear who was the aggressor," Laperrère said, "and the aggressor rule is automatic. He is supposed to be put out of the game. But the aggressor was given four minutes in penalties—two minors. That's why I made my protest."

Then came the Sorel game, and Laperrère decided enough was enough. "The league is a good league," he declared, "and the rules are there to make the hockey good. But if other coaches and owners feel it can survive only with violence, then I want no part of it."

TEACHERS COLLEGE

What was the worst team in baseball history? The 1962 New York Mets? Not a bad pick. In their first year of existence the last-place Mets won 40 games, lost 120 and finished 60½ games behind.

Next year, pitching coaches on major league teams will include Roger Craig of the San Diego Padres, Galen Cisco of the Kansas City Royals, Al Jackson of the Boston Red Sox and Bob Miller of the Toronto Blue Jays.

You know what Craig, Cisco, Jackson and Miller have in common? They all pitched for the 1962 Mets.

THIS YEAR'S CROP OF MISSES

If you have the feeling that pro football teams are missing an awful lot of extra points this year, you're right—in a sense. Through the first nine weeks of the season, 11.2% of all extra-point attempts failed, compared to 7.7% last year and 8.7% in 1974, the year the goalposts were moved from the goal line to the back of the end zone. If you are impressed by percentages, the increase in failures this year is startling—nearly 45% more than in the previous season. Perfectionist coaches are driven crazy by figures like this, particularly since no one seems to agree on the reasons for the increase.

On the other hand, if you look at the

situation from a quantitative point of view, the number of extra points being missed isn't all that startling. In the 126 games played through the first nine weeks, 65 extra-point tries were blown, which works out to only one miss every two games. Moreover, if you compare that with the failure rate for the past two years, you'll find it means about one more miss every six games, which isn't anything to get excited about.

Unless, of course, you happen to have a bet on a team to win by seven and it flubs the kick and wins by six.

MORAL VICTORY

Winning is the only thing, Vince Lombardi is supposed to have said. Maybe he did and maybe he didn't. And maybe it is and maybe it isn't. The other day Barbara Roche, the star of Northwestern's women's field hockey team, broke a 0-0 tie in the second half of a game with Valparaiso by dribbling down the left side, cutting toward the middle and deftly putting a short flip shot into the lower left corner of the net. The officials signaled a goal, it was so noted by the scorer, and the players on both teams moved toward midfield to line up for a face-off. All except Barbara Roche, who went up to an official and said, "It wasn't a goal. I hit it off the back of my stick." Hitting the ball with the back of the stick is illegal in field hockey.

The official blinked once or twice but declared it no goal and gave the ball to Valparaiso to put into play from its end of the field. Fourteen minutes later Northwestern scored (on a rebound of a shot by Roche) and held on to win 1-0.

Asked after the game about her "non-goal," Roche said, "I didn't think it was right. The referee didn't see it, but I did." She refused to say anything more about the incident, declaring that she did not want to sound "too religious."

Her coach, Mary DiStasio, said, "About Barbara's goal I love to win, but you've got to be honest. She did the right thing."

HARD-LINERS

The Outland Trophy, given in honor of an old University of Pennsylvania tackle named John H. Outland, is awarded each year to the outstanding lineman in college football. It is a well-deserved salute to those talented, hardworking, underpublicized players who don't have a

continued

POLICE CALLS, FIRE CALLS, MARINE CALLS... AND BEETHOVEN, TOO!



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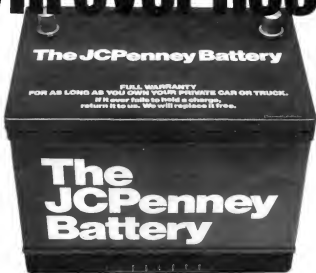


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prayer of even being considered for the glittering Heisman Trophy.

The Outland is an admirable award and has achieved a certain distinction, so much so that it is now the subject of a parody called the Outlandish Trophy. The Outlandish is the creation of a fledgling San Diego journal called *The Sports Page* and salutes the man who might euphemistically be called the most extreme player in the National Football League. The winner of the Outlandish is—who else?—Conrad Dobler of the St. Louis Cardinals, who has been charged with, among other things, biting an opposing player in the heat of battle. Dobler's coach, Don Coryell, defending his star lineman's tactics, says, "He may bite a little, but that's not going to end a guy's career," and Dobler's mother insists he is misunderstood. "Conrad is a very compassionate boy," says Mrs. Dobler, "a kind person."

Be that as it may, behind Dobler on *The Sports Page's* list of kind, compassionate NFL folks are the following, in order: 2. Harvey Martin, Dallas; 3. Ernie Holmes, Pittsburgh; 4. George Atkinson, Oakland; 5. Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh;



6. Joe Greene, Pittsburgh; 7. Emmitt Thomas, Kansas City; 8. Jack Tatum, Oakland; 9. Lyle Alzado, Denver; and 10. John Vella, Oakland.

SHOPPER'S GUIDE

If you're looking for a Christmas present for that high jumper or pole vaulter on your list, you might get in touch with Anthony Nelson in Montreal. Nelson represents COJO, the Organizing Committee of the Montreal Olympics, and he has

some Olympic-quality landing pits for sale at bargain prices. The PORTAPIT Company donated the pits for the Games and they were allowed through Canadian customs duty-free on the condition that they would be out of the country again by the end of November.

COJO has run ads for the pits in the sports section of *The New York Times*. "They brought us some solid inquiries," says Nelson. "Most came from schools, but two fathers called about buying pits for their high-jumping sons."

The things don't come cheap. A high-jump pit goes for \$1,150 American, compared to the \$1,900 it costs new, installed, and a pole-vault pit goes for \$1,400, compared to \$3,100 new, installed. Of course, the prices are FOB Montreal, with shipping and gift wrapping extra. On the other hand, there is a certain cachet to being able to point toward your very own Olympic landing pit and say, casually, "Dwight Stones slipped here."

METRIC FOOTBALL

In football, the idea of changing to the metric system is usually laughed at ("Hey, first down and 9.1 meters to go, right?"). Yet, as Dr. Andrew Hulsebosch of the Eastern Analysis Institute points out, switching football from yards to meters would be easy to do. Hulsebosch has devised 90-Meter Football, played on a field 90 meters long by 50 meters wide with nine-meter end zones. Those are nice easy numbers to remember and they translate well. Such a field would be almost precisely the size of the present field: 1½ yards shorter between the goal lines, less than a yard wider on each side, the end zones a scant 5½ inches shorter than they are now.

But what about "First down and 10 yards to go"? Strip the field every five meters instead of every five yards. First and 10 would be first and 10 meters (11 yards) to go. The only radical change Hulsebosch recommends has to do with the yard markers—sorry, meter markers—on the sidelines. He'd have them carry double sets of numbers, one batch in red, the other in white. The red numbers would measure the distance in meters one team has to go from its own goal line to a touchdown, while those in white would measure the same distance in reverse for the other team. Thus, the meter marker at one goal line would have

a red 0 and a white 90, and as you move upfield the markers would read 5/85, 10/80, 15/75, 20/70, 25/65, 30/60 and so on. Midfield would be 45/45, and the other goal line would be 90/0. Not only would this spotlight the new metric values, it would emphasize the distance of a long kick or run ("Simpson breaks loose! He's to the 65! The 75! The 85! And it's a touchdown!").

A realist, Hulsebosch knows there is little chance of persuading the NFL or major colleges to try the idea, at least not yet. But he believes a few small colleges, especially those in an academically oriented league like the Midwest Conference (Carleton, Lawrence, Chicago, et al.), might repeat a field and experiment with 90-Meter Football. Try it for a year, he says. You'll like it.

SLOW SOUL

Kapa High won the interscholastic football championship of the Hawaiian island of Kauai this year.

So?

It was Kapa's first championship in the 31 years the league has been in existence.

So?

There are only three high schools in the league.

Oh.

As Kapa Coach Glenn Hayashi said, amid exuberant hand-slapping congratulations in the winners' locker room, "We've been waiting 30 years for this, and the pressure was beginning to build."

THEY SAID IT

• Steve Sloan, Texas Tech football coach, after his unbeaten Red Raiders squeaked past winless TCU: "I've always said the sun doesn't shine on the same dog every day. But we sure as heck didn't expect a near-total eclipse."

• Greg Battle, New York Jet linebacker, explaining his contractual obligations: "They pay me to practice. Sundays I play for nothing."

• Grant Teaff, Baylor football coach, after his team was idle for three weeks: "I think the layoff was the greatest thing to happen to Baylor football. I'll figure out why later."

• Bobby Bowden, Florida State football coach, on 5'8", 135-pound freshman Placekicker Dave Cappelletti: "When we stick him in the whirlpool, we gotta have a lifeguard there."

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The names of its superstars may grow more familiar by the yard, game and season, but the constant of professional football is change, as evidenced in 1976 by the departures of George Blanda and Lenny Dawson and the competitive arrival of a crop of fresh faces. Foremost among them is Chicago's Walter Payton, the second-year running back from Jackson State who leads the NFL in rushing and last Sunday surpassed the 1,000-yard mark in the Bears' 24-13 victory over Green Bay.

New blood is the lifeblood of every franchise. Precocious rookies occasionally dazzle their way into starting lineups, as Minnesota's Sammie White and St. Louis' Mike Dawson have done this year. More often, though, talent requires a year or two of seasoning, often on the special teams. Thus, the "sudden" emergence of Dave (Ghost) Casper, Oakland's third-year tight end, as the AFC's No. 1 pass receiver with 45 catches. And, across the Bay, the "sudden" appearance of San Francisco's Delvin Williams, the third-year running back, who recently shattered 49er records by rushing for 194 and 180 yards on successive Sundays.

But the impact new blood can make on a franchise is most obvious in New England, where two second-year men, Quarterback Steve Grogan and Tight End Russ Francis, and two rookie defensive backs, Mike Haynes and Tim Fox, have helped revive a franchise that has not had a winning record in a decade. In the Patriots' 21-14 upset of Baltimore last Sunday, Grogan ran for two touchdowns and passed for another, while Haynes intercepted two Bert Jones passes.

Obviously, the new boys on the block mean business.

—RON RISO

The Cardinals' Mike Dawson, a 6' 4", 270-pound first-year defensive tackle from Arizona, stalks rival quarterbacks and javeliners with equal ferocity

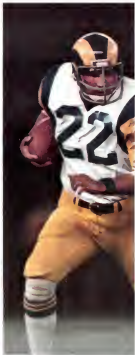
Denver's Rick Upchurch has returned punts 73, 41, 92 and 55 yards for touchdowns and gained 203 yards every time he has touched the ball

THEMSELVES

Some are rookies, some have been around a while, but this season they've come of age, winning headlines—and games for their teams



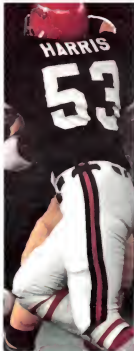
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Greg Pruitt describes himself as "arrogant," drives a van with his picture painted on the side and needs only 236 yards rushing to match last season's 1,067 for the much-improved Browns

Billed as Dallas' linebacker trio of the future, second-year men (left to right) Bob Breunig, Randy White and Thomas—not Tommy or Tom—Henderson give the Cowboys the best depth in the NFL. Breunig played at Arizona State and now sings on the country-and-Western circuit. Middle Linebacker White, a defensive end while at Maryland, is a muscular physical-fitness freak who answers to "Minister"—half man, half monster. Henderson, out of Langston (Oklahoma) University, originated the slam-dunk spike over the goalpost crossbar after returning a kickoff 86 yards for a touchdown





Nicknamed "Trophy" when he arrived with his Meisner, John Cappellato languished on the Rams' bench for two years, but this season has rushed for 581 yards and answers to "Cappy"

Nicknamed "Stonebrick" because he once ran into a stone building, Minnesota rookie Sammie White giggles when he speaks and laughs fast: six of his 38 receptions have been TDs



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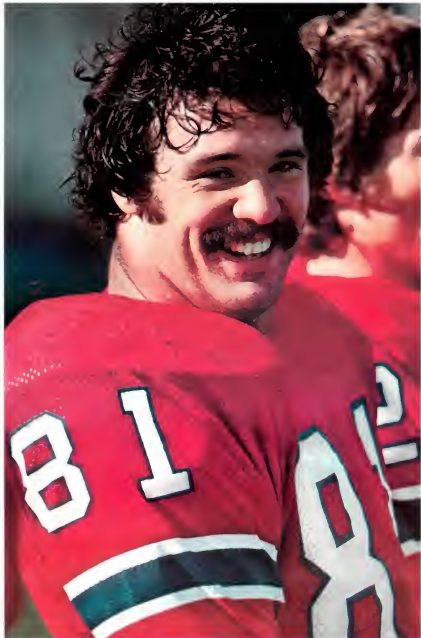


Chicago's No. 1 draft choice three years ago, 6' 6", 260-pound Tackle Wally Chambers anchors the ferocious "Monsters of the Midway" defensive front, and he has six sacks

New England's 11th round selection in 1975, Quarterback Steve Grogan occasionally makes like a halfback: he has passed for 12 TDs, rushed for eight and averaged eight yards per carry



Die-hard spirit Russ Francis, New England's 6' 6", 240-pound tight end, wrestler and airplane pilot, catches the ball when Grogan throws it and blocks for Grogan when he runs it





Cowens felt he was making baskets "like a robot"

THE FIRE WAS GONE AND SO HE QUIT

Dave Cowens left the Celtics for a reason that seemed simple to him: he had lost his enthusiasm for the game **by John Paparek**

Cowens does not see what he did last week in apocalyptic terms. In his view, he has merely left basketball for the time being, taking an unprecedented, unpaid leave of absence. He is going back to his home in Kentucky. He says he believes he will return to basketball, but he does not know just when. "Probably not this year. I've got a lot of thinking to do."

In the toy store he talked about why he decided to take the time off.

"I just lost my enthusiasm for the game. That's all I can say. This wasn't something sudden for me. I'd been thinking about it for three months. I even thought seriously about quitting before the season started, but I figured, aw, I'd try it and see how it was. And then I just didn't have it. Nothing. When somebody drives right by you and you shrug your shoulders and say, 'Aw, what the hell,' when you go down and make a basket like a robot, when you win or lose a ball game and it doesn't matter either way, when you can't even get mad at the refs, then something's wrong. I couldn't do anything about it. When there's nothing left, there's no use making believe there is. I don't want to spoil the Celtics and I don't want to take their money if I'm not earning it. I just quit my job, that's all. What's wrong with that? Other guys do it every day. Nobody makes a big thing out of them."

But when the Celtics announced last Wednesday that Cowens had left the team for an "indefinite" period, it did become a very big thing. And before Cowens chose to explain what he was up to, rumors and speculations of every sort arose. First, it was guessed that he might be seriously ill. A spokesman for the Celtics said that he was 15 pounds underweight and that blood tests had been taken. (Cowens laughs and says that he weighs 235, as much as ever, and feels fine; that the blood tests were routine for all team members.)

It was then suggested that Cowens was

distraught because he had lost money on the several basketball camps he ran last summer (Cowens' business manager said the idea was ridiculous. Why would a man quit a \$280,000 job if he had money problems?).

Other stories seemed to have some grains of truth. It is known that Cowens does not get along with Coach Tom Heinsohn, a loud and abrasive man at court-side. Cowens is also known to have been unhappy with the drastic turnover of Celtic personnel. He misses his old friends Don Nelson, Hank Finkel, Paul Westphal, Don Chaney and especially Paul Silas, who was traded to Denver this year after a bitter contract dispute. And some of Cowens' friends say that he was extremely tired after personally directing his summer camps, beginning the day after the playoffs ended last June. He was able to spend only two weeks at home in Kentucky all summer and had dreaded the opening of training camp.

"All that stuff is ridiculous," says Cowens, patiently. "Nobody and nothing had anything to do with this. It's me. That's all."

But nonetheless, it is true that without Silas, Cowens has had to work much harder around the basket this season. He seemed to be tiring earlier than usual and committing more fouls. He was disqualified three times in Boston's first eight games, including the last two he played in. Not at all like Cowens.

Cowens is an emotional man and had dropped hints earlier that he was thinking of quitting—in fact, a few years ago Cowens had a clause written into his contract allowing him to take an unpaid leave of absence. "Once or twice he'd bring up the idea, but we just thought he was kidding," said his mother, Ruth Cowens, back in Kentucky. So neither she nor Cowens' father nor any of his closest friends were prepared for Wednesday's news. After the shock had worn off, however, many of those who knew Cowens

Dave Cowens is discovered in a toy store in Wellesley, Mass., above which he has his bachelor apartment. A few good friends are with him and he is wearing a huge grin. He does not look depressed, drawn, tortured or ill in any way. What he looks like is a kid who has just finished his last day of school. "I'm doing fine," he chortles. "I just don't understand why everybody is making such a big thing out of this. I'm just a guy who quit his job."

Why, indeed, would anyone want to make a big thing out of that, even if the job he quit was worth \$280,000 a year, and even if at 28 years of age he was one of the very best basketball players going and the key man on the defending NBA champion Boston Celtics? And why should it be so noteworthy that he decided to leave his team, out of what seemed a clear blue sky, nine games into the new season, not because he wanted to renegotiate his contract, or because he was mad at anyone—teammate, coach, general manager or owner?

well admitted that they should have seen what was coming. Richard Gold, a Boston attorney who is Cowens' close friend and business manager, said, "You know, I knew there was something wrong with Dave on opening night in Indiana. He fouled out and just walked straight to the bench and sat down. He had no fight."

A week ago Saturday, after Boston had been beaten by Washington for the second night in a row—the Celtics' fourth consecutive loss—Cowens decided that he had had it. He wanted to tell General Manager Red Auerbach on Monday, but Auerbach was leaving town and put him off a day.

"I just thought it was about some nothing," says Auerbach. "Dave came in Tuesday morning and said, 'You know, Red, I'm just not playing the way I can play and like to play.'" Auerbach assured Cowens that he was still playing well enough to suit him and Heinsohn. "Dave said, 'No, I just want to get away.' I was stunned. What could I say? I've had other guys come to me and say that the fun had gone out of it, but that usually happens when they're 33 or 34. Dave's such a fine kid. I didn't try to use my personality on him in any way. I understand him. He made it very clear that he was unhappy playing, and after that I never said another word to dissuade him."

Cowens called his parents that night but could not bring himself to tell them what he had decided. Instead, he inquired after the health of a friend who lives down the road from the Cowenses' 30-acre farm in Cold Spring, and had been injured in an automobile accident.

He called his parents again the next night and told them he was no longer playing. "My first thought was his health," says Ruth Cowens. "I thought heart condition or something. But he said, 'Mom, I'm fine. I'm not sick.' I didn't care about the rest. My husband and I felt we didn't have much more to say about it. The decision was Dave's own, which is fine, because whatever comes of it will be of his own making."

On Wednesday, Cowens had told his teammates what he was going to do and that night, after the Celtics had beaten the Lakers in their first game without him, he entertained ex-teammates Finkel, Nelson and Satch Sanders above the toy store. "We just drank beer and reminisced," says Finkel. No one mentioned his quitting.

On Thursday, Cowens was so giddy that in his first interviews he was quoted in Friday's papers as saying, "I might even take in a few Celtic games." That night Boston Garden was teeming with reporters and paparazzi waiting to descend on him, but Cowens did not show. Friends had pointed out to him that he might not be able to enjoy much privacy there.

The rest of the Celtics, even the newest of them—Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe—knew better than to criticize Cowens for his decision. He led Boston to two world championships in his six years, was the league's MVP in 1973 and founded a new school of NBA centers. They understand that Cowens cannot tolerate players who are not giving their best efforts all the time, and that he would be the last man to play at less than full speed. Tim Barrow, one of Cowens' closest back-home buddies who played with him at Newport (Ky.) Catholic High and at Florida State, said, "If anybody on the Celtics ever had to tell him, 'Dave, you're not getting the job done,' it would kill him." So when Cowens made the decision, his teammates were sympathetic. "I don't have to know what his reasons are," says John Havlicek, "but I know they are good ones." So does Heinsohn, who is simply resigned to playing other people at center as long as Cowens stays away. "What are you going to say?" asks Heinsohn.

Barrow, who plans to meet Cowens the minute he rolls into Cold Spring, could tell Heinsohn something about his absent star. "Dave is such an unusual guy," Barrow says. "He always hated to be treated differently just because he was a basketball player. People forget that basketball players are human beings, and money is not a basic human need." Butch Martin, who lives in Newport and is Cowens' oldest friend, says, "Dave's just tired of his job. You ever get tired of your job? Sure you do, and you just crawl back into bed and take a day off. Dave's just taking some days off." And Ruth Cowens says, "Dave always used to say that being a basketball player was just a job to him, a job that he loved, but a job just the same. Like if he was selling Kirby sweepers."

Cowens was supposed to make a lucrative TV commercial this week but canceled it. He was going to load up his school-bus-yellow GMC Sierra van and

head to Kentucky to be with the folks and drink beer and play pinochle with his old high school buddies. He will keep in shape clearing land, moving rocks and harvesting the Christmas trees the Cowenses grow. He will play a little basketball on the court he built for his 13-year-old twin brothers, Tom and Jerry. He has even promised to do some work as a sales representative around home for his friend who owns the toy store back in Wellesley. But his eyes really twinkle when he talks about "being home for the holidays—I'm really looking forward to that."

Downstairs in the toy store, smiling, surrounded by friends who believe in him, Cowens leans against the wall, hands in his pockets. "I know I'm doing the right thing and something good will come of it," he says. "I'm just going to take it easy, thank it all over. Maybe I'll be back, I just don't know. Right now, everybody that matters to me understands. And that's all that counts."

PHOTO

"I'm going to think it all over. Maybe I'll be back."



A FEW CRACKS IN THE RACIAL BARRIER

Not only are blacks playing against whites in South Africa nowadays, but they are also playing with them **by Peter Hawthorne**



It is Saturday afternoon in Johannesburg, a highveld winter day under clear skies, the sun weakened by a chill north wind from the snow-shrouded Drakensberg mountains. A white schoolboy, 13, puts on his track suit and old sneakers and heads for a piece of dusty open ground in the shadow of an apartment

block near the Parkview Synagogue. He meets some schoolmates, and—Caucasians all—they join with a crowd of black men, workers in the smart white suburbs. Together, they play soccer until the light is fading. That's when Edward Hlabane—coach, center forward, referee, linesman, chief cheerleader and descen-

dant of a Zulu warrior—cracks a joke: "Watch that goalkeeper now. Don't shoot until you see the whites of his eyes." Everybody laughs hugely.

The white boys and the black men share a Coke or two. They talk about their idols: Pelé, Jomo Sono of the Moroka Swallows, Patrick (Ace) Ntsoelen-goe of the Kaiser Chiefs. Then they shake, first joining hands, then thumbs, then hands again, then clasping fingers, and they go off to their different worlds.

On another Saturday afternoon in South Africa, a televised sports special shows black and white boxers mixing it up, black marathon runners outstriking white competitors, black cyclists riding against whites, a black horseman among whites in a gymkhana and black athletes up against whites at a white Africans university.

In addition to the shocks in South Africa's apartheid society these days, there are many surprises. One is that, impressions to the contrary, there is no law in South Africa that says blacks and whites cannot play sport together—individually, on the same team, or in any other way. Another surprise is that, for all the soul-searching about sport and racial policies, integrated sport does exist.

The sad fact is that an informal game such as the one between the white schoolboys and the blacks was never played as far as government officials are concerned. Integrated sport in South Africa exists officially or not at all. If it doesn't have political and bureaucratic approval—the phrase is "within the framework of government policy"—it is regarded with suspicion by policymakers, viewed as something of an aberration, an embarrassment and possibly downright subversive.

This curious approach to what is regarded as normal anywhere else is a direct product of a racial policy that has made South Africa one of the most complex and despised countries in the world. In a country where Japanese are regarded as "honorary whites" but Chinese are not (and neither can marry whites), where blacks can stay in "international status" hotels as long as they don't use the swimming pool, where a black man can visit a white in his home but the white needs a permit to return the call, there is a Minister of Sport who pronounces daily on government policy and

continued



declares, "I would like to see dirty bloody politics out of sport and let the sportsmen get on with it."

These are encouraging, if paradoxical, words from the Minister of Sport, Dr. Piet Koornhof, an Oxford scholar and weight-lifting enthusiast. But sportsmen who do try to "get on with it" find that it isn't quite that simple. Under apartheid, nothing is.

There is no law against integrated sport, but within the apartheid legislation that governs every South African's life unto death (and even after, if one includes segregated cemetery laws), there are several provisos that can prevent multiracialism in sport. There is the Group Areas Act, for example, that delineates certain residential areas for certain racial groups and requires official permission for any one racial group to "occupy" an area of another. There is also the Separate Amenities Act, under which sports grounds, clubhouses and so on are reserved for a particular racial group.

Then there are the Influx Control regulations, commonly known as the Pass Laws, which determine where non-whites can and cannot be and what they can and cannot do. These racial partition policies explain why Asian golf champion Sewankambo (Papua New Guinea) received the Natal Open golf championship award in the rain outside the clubhouse: the Group Areas Act didn't allow him inside. And that's why a non-white cricket team playing a white one (with official permission) had to be served drinks in the lounge of the club. They couldn't be served at the "white" bar.

The most painful decisions that government officials have to make do not concern the events themselves, but bar and locker-room facilities. What inhibits South Africa's integration of sport is what apartheid seeks to prevent: black and white men drinking from the same cup, using the same toilet and then, of course, marrying each other's daughters.

But if South African administrators want to integrate black and white sports leagues, how can they deal with the problem posed by home and away matches in a society that separates the races and their sports grounds on a geographical-residential basis?

Political conditioning of thought in South Africa's ruling white society has led to the attitude that what happens on the football field—and by extension in the locker room and in the bleachers—

may all too easily be transmitted to society as a whole, and the erosion of apartheid will begin. The cry from one of the country's wildest rightists, a former Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, Dr. Albert Hertzog (also an Oxford man), is still heard in some places in the land. Protesting against the inclusion of Maoris on a New Zealand rugby team that was to play South Africa, Hertzog declared, "My God, they'll be invited to cocktail parties, and they'll be dancing with our daughters next." While Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, Hertzog was the most resolute opponent of the introduction of television into South Africa. He said the licentiousness of the box might inflame black houseboys to run upstairs and rape the *meisies*.

Hertzog, it should be recorded, was dropped from the government. South Africa now has television, and Maori rugby footballers this year danced with white South African daughters. And South Africa's Springbok national rugby team—an all-white bastion—beat the touring New Zealand All-Blacks (which refers to the color of their uniforms, not their players) in a series of games that were televised to audiences of spellbound South Africans.

This year, through a TV hookup with Montreal, South Africans saw the Olympic Games in which they have not been allowed to participate since 1964. They saw and pondered the black boycott of the Games because of New Zealand's rugby tour of South Africa, and from a previously sympathetic New Zealand government they heard the hint that future tours would be discouraged unless South Africa was prepared to field a multiracial national team picked on merit.

The sporting world has been closing in on South Africa for years. The expulsion of the country from international track and field this year was the 13th area of world sports from which South Africans have been banned, and they're ostracized in most others.

"Hell, what have we got to worry about? We've got bowls, darts, sky diving and *juksies* left," an embittered sportsman muttered into his Lion Lager at the Wanderers Sports Club in Johannesburg. *Juksies* is an Afrikaans game like horseshoes, except that the players throw a *skei*—something like a rolling pin—at a peg. It is not an Olympic sport.

South African sportsmen are depressed by their isolation. Dame Malan,

one of the country's greatest athletes of the post decade (he set a world record in the 1,000 meters in Munich in 1973), has decided to retire to his wine farm in the Cape. "Now I've lost what little international competition kept me going, there's no reason to stay on," he says.

Titus (Dynamite) Mmamabolo, a former South African Open 5,000-meter champion, feels much the same. His nickname derives not only from his prowess, but also from his job as personnel officer at Modderfontein, one of the world's biggest dynamite factories. Modderfontein, like the gold and other mines it supplies with explosives, has among the best track and field facilities in the country for black workers.

Dynamite Mmamabolo echoes the loneliness of the South African black long-distance runner. "Like most athletes," he says, "I've always dreamed of competing in the Olympic Games, of pitting myself against the best runners in the world. But there's no point in running anymore if there's no prospect of us ever competing in the Games. So now I'm going to coach, and think about it all, and hope that maybe one day South Africa may be admitted to the IOC again, and when that day comes I'll be able to produce world-class black athletes to run against the world."

But world pressure on South Africa has undoubtedly brought about relatively liberal changes in the country's sporting life—a long way from the day when, shortly before the 1964 Olympics, the Minister of Sport at the time, Senator Jan de Klerk, told the IOC that under no circumstances would the republic allow interracial competition and national mixed teams.

Koornhof brought in a new look in 1972, multinational sport. This was in effect the politicians' way of multiracializing sport without admitting it to conservative constituents. South Africa is in the process of separating its people by nationality and ethnic origin rather than by color (a specious step, because all blacks will ultimately be classified as foreigners). Koornhof's multinational policy thus permitted sportsmen of different races to compete as representatives of their own national ethnic group—as whites, Asians, Zulus, Xhosas (of the now-independent Transkei homeland), Vendas, Sothos and so on. In this same vein, merely inviting neighboring Rhodesia or Malawi turned an athletic meeting into an "international event."

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But it was all a matter of semantics. The multinationalism was limited to individual competition and contests on "national ethnic" lines between teams representing specific racial groups. There were no racially mixed teams, everything being conducted on a selective, invitation basis.

Then last year a mixed South African soccer team played against an Argentinian team in Johannesburg. When the visitors were beaten soundly, black and white spectators and a national TV audience cheered not for players of any particular color, but for a South African team. One of the South African team, Cedric (Sugar Ray) Xulu, said, "Color? I saw no color. Only a football. You just saw soccer being played color-blind."

Then came Koornhof's policy statement of a few weeks ago in which he (the government) encouraged sporting bodies of various racial groups to get together and form "Premier Leagues" in which they would enter teams to play other racial groups. Still strictly "within the framework" of policy, it was mixed-race sport at club level but with no mention of multinational sides.

A bunch of rugby players—the hard-core "contact" sport that everybody said would never crumble—finally broke the multiracial team barrier last month. Led by a gutsy Springbok trialist, Dan (Cheeky) Watson, and his brother Valance, nine whites defied an official warning from Koornhof and split up five and four to compete on otherwise black sides. The match was played in a black stadium in Port Elizabeth, in the middle of a township that had recently been the scene of violence and discontent at white authority and whites in general. After the match Watson was carried triumphantly from the field by blacks.

The rebel white rugby players were threatened with suspension as well as fines for entering a black township without a permit. Says Watson, "A policy isn't law, and I can't see how you can be arrested for contravening a policy. The real winner was rugby."

Dan Qeqe (which is pronounced like the sound of two knocks on a door), one of the black organizers of the mixed match, said, "The only way to stop this match would have been to lock us all up, players and spectators as well. We're sportsmen and human beings, and nobody can tell us with whom we can and can't play."

Koornhof blasted the players for "willful disregard" of policy, but even the hoo-heads in the nationalist government were advised to cool it. When the Port Elizabeth dust had settled it was noticeable that South African sport had taken a shuffle forward.

The president of the Rugby Board, Dr Danie Craven, a former Springbok star, had once vowed that no non-white would ever play on a national team and that the Springbok emblem was and would evermore be reserved for whites only. Now he admitted that future teams for international matches would be picked on a multinational merit basis.

Mixed rugby at club level would come, conceded Craven, and "when the day dawns when there will only be mixed South African teams, we [the whites] shall gladly share the Springbok emblem with the rest, if that's what they want."

This change of attitude in rugby, which in South Africa has been a white citadel until now, is nothing short of amazing. But changes are also evident elsewhere. In a national invitation meet at the exclusively all-white Rand Afrikaans University in Johannesburg, black athletes, including Matthews Batswadi (who won a splendid 5,000 meters), Edward Sinani (winner of the 200 meters) and Sam Ditselo (800-meter winner), were cheered all the way. "There was nothing multinational about the meeting," said an official. "It was multiracial, and magnificently so. We invited the black athletes on ability and spectator appeal alone."

After the meet Batswadi, a product of the Western Deep Levels Gold Mine Athletic Club, said, "Can you imagine how I feel? I run against the best whites in the country and we are sportsmen all. And I win and it's great and I know that they don't resent my winning. I hear the crowds, the whites, applauding. And I'm thinking as I run, 'We've got something, we've got something.' And then it's all over and you look to the world, to the international scene, and you wonder, 'Where do we go from here?' " Sinani said, "Yes, it's moving. And how much faster would we all be now if this competition had been with us from the beginning, and if we blacks had got the sort of coaching that many whites get from youth."

As the Southern Transvaal League track and field season began, it was announced that meets would be open to all

racers. Other provincial leagues are likely to follow. South Africa's soccer associations, black and white, are getting together to work out a formula for "normalizing," as it's called, their sports. And on the cricket fields of the highveld, the barriers, like the wickets, are tumbling down. In the Premier League established for the Transvaal, two white cricketers turned out for a non-white club against a white team. One was a former Springbok wicketkeeper, Dennis Gamsy, the other a former Natal University cricket captain, journalist Marshall Lee. Said Lee, "Playing for the non-white side was a new experience for me. It made me realize that it's the game that counts."

There is still opposition in high places, however, to anything that might go beyond government policy. Administrators, more than sportsmen, are afraid to rock the boat. "My experience over the years has been that while commitment to non-racial sport is just lip service to get international recognition," says Hassan Howa, president of the non-white Western Province Cricket Board. "We want whites to show their good faith by rejecting completely government policy, to commit themselves totally to allowing clubs to admit whom they wish so that we can have real multiracial sport."

One of the country's leading black sportswriters, Theo Mtembu, says, "I'm supremely optimistic about sport and race relations in South Africa. I've been a sportsman and a sportsman for some years, and I can remember when a visiting team came here to play the all-white so-called national side, and we shouted for the visitors. The South African side wasn't completely our side, you see."

"And then I think my greatest moment was watching that Argentinian soccer game against a mixed South African side, and I saw those players, black and white, hug each other like school kids when Jomo Sono began scoring those beautiful goals of his. And the crowd, blacks and whites, cheered with one voice. And then there was the rugby match in Port Elizabeth. 'Listen,' I said to pals. 'Listen to what?' they said. 'Listen to the barriers falling.' I said, 'Listen to the walls come tumbling down.' Sure we've got a long way to go. And for a lot of people we aren't moving fast enough. But I know that South African sportsmen are learning, even if they're learning late, that integration's the name of the game."

HIS NEEDLEPOINT POINTS THE WAY

Undefeated, undaunted, turned on by inspirational samplers, UCLA's Terry Donahue awaits the USC showdown

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY



Donahue's bleeding blue-and-gold outlook is abetted by the likes of "Dr. Death" and "Hollywood"

Nine months ago Terry Donahue, a mere 31, was named head football coach at UCLA. It was a choice born of desperation when Dick Vermeil suddenly quit the Bruins to become coach of the Philadelphia Eagles. UCLA takes its sports seriously—witness its 28 NCAA team championships in the last 13 years, by far the best record in the country—and so there was much concern on the Westwood campus about putting the program that had produced the 1976 Rose Bowl winner in the hands of a young whippersnapper.

When Athletic Director J. D. Morgan announced Donahue's selection at a press conference he said, "I'm sure there's no need to introduce Terry Donahue to you." Actually, there was every need. An offensive line coach—a co-offensive line coach at that—is not quite a media star. And Donahue, had he been asked, probably would have told Morgan to soft-pedal the Las Vegas-style introduction, recalling that when he was starting at defensive tackle for UCLA, Coach Tommy Prothro was under the impression that his name was Donny Donovan.

Donahue certainly is better known now, and by the end of what is already a spectacularly successful freshman coaching season, he may be the best young coach in the country. His Bruins are unbeaten, having been tied only by Ohio State in Columbus; they are ranked second in the country; they have overwhelmed their first ten opponents by the aggregate score of 371-113. This Saturday comes the annual war with cross-town rival USC; the winner will go on to the Rose Bowl and a chance at the national championship.

It's an unlikely story being written by Donahue, his loosey-goosey assistant coaches (one of them, Billie Matthews, reasons, "Why do tonight what you can put off until tomorrow?") and his gritty rather than glamorous football players.

Does all this success make Donahue nervous? "Oh, no," he says. "I'm really calm. We're prepared and we've worked hard. So there's nothing to worry about. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go throw up."

One suspects that Donahue might not be entirely kidding. He exhibits an old-timey sort of exuberance thought to have died in the '60s. But even during his '60s playing days, he would race onto the field hollering, "Plant the flag!" He loves football so much he once worked for free to prove it (although he didn't intend to); he thinks football is important, but he wants the players to enjoy themselves; he listens to inspirational tapes while he drives to and from work; he believes in the needlepoint sayings in the family room of his home in Westlake Village, the kind that talk of the hope that the wind will always be at your back and the sun in your face (except, presumably, when catching punts). On his office wall is a reminder that "A smile is the light in the window of your face to let others know your heart is at home."

Terry wants to play the game, ring the victory bell, enjoy his wife and two kids, have a party and laugh with friends. Woody Hayes probably is shaking his head in disbelief that football can be so much fun. "Every day," says a Donahue admirer, "Terry makes himself a better coach or a better guy."

Rival coaches are probably wondering just how much better Donahue is going to get when he has some time to work on it. Vermeil announced he was quitting his \$35,500-a-year job as UCLA head coach for the Eagles (at \$170,000 a year) on Feb. 8, only 10 days before high school seniors had to firmly state where they would play. Although Morgan doesn't like to hire head coaches from the staff, he concluded that time was so important he would have to in order to maintain continuity and keep the prospects from going elsewhere. That decision made, Donahue was the obvious choice. Says Morgan, "Terry bleeds blue and gold."



Quarterback Jeff Donahue learned that a football was aerodynamically sound under his new coach

The deal was struck three days later with a handshake across Morgan's walnut desk, after which five of the eight remaining assistant coaches left for other jobs. And, in case Donahue was forgetting his main mission while he was up to his eyeballs in organizational alligators, he could contemplate life in 1976 without All-America Quarterback John Sciarra and second-team All-America Guard Cliff Frazier, both graduated.

Predictably, Donahue was a pocket of calm in a rip tide of adversity, and he kept his sense of humor. "If I grab my chest and topple over," he once said, "you'll know things aren't going well."

Obviously they have been going exceedingly well so far, but that could all be forgotten pending the outcome of this

week's meeting in the Coliseum with USC, which is ranked immediately behind UCLA in the polls. The Bruins have no stars of the caliber of USC's Ricky Bell; still, Donahue has put together a group of folks who manage to get their uniforms on frontwards and win games. Vermeil didn't leave Donahue exactly bereft of talent, just some holes.

The hole that had caused the most concern was at quarterback. Donahue has filled it with senior Jeff Dankworth, who chose UCLA over Stanford because he "wanted stability"; now Donahue is the third coach UCLA has had since Dankworth arrived in 1972. More accomplished as a runner than as a passer, Dankworth nevertheless is happy that Donahue doesn't object to throwing the

continued

ball. "Under Pepper Rodgers, UCLA didn't pass," says Dankworth. "We didn't know if the ball would fly or not, although just by standing around and looking at it, it seemed that aerodynamically it should work." Says Donahue, "Sure, I wish Jeff could pass a little better, but I'm also certain that he wishes I could coach a little better."

Dankworth's backfield buddies in the veer-style offense that Donahue helped install while assisting Verneil are senior

Wendell Tyler and sophomore Theotis Brown. Tyler went past Kermit Johnston, UCLA's all-time leading rusher, in the third game of the season; the pros like his style. He's tough. Last year, in the seven games he played with a broken wrist, he gained 821 yards and had five 100-yard afternoons. Of Brown, who is averaging 93.4 yards a game this season, Assistant Coach Don Riley says, "He has so much talent it's scary."

Sophomore Linebacker Jerry Robin-

son is the Bruins' leading tackler and is happy he didn't end up at USC. "I think I enjoy beating them more than I would playing for them," he says. Other prominent defensive players are Tackle Manu Tuiaosopo and Safety Oscar Edwards, who came into the public eye after his girl friend decided he wasn't getting enough media attention. She designed a towel depicting a skull and crossbones for him to wear tucked in his waistband, whereupon he was nicknamed Dr. Death.

continued



IN THE TROJAN TRADITION

It was right after USC lost its opening game to Missouri that John Robinson discovered he was not an anonymous head football coach. His mail the following week was a veritable avalanche of advice, the tone of which was set by a correspondent who characterized Robinson as "a goddamn stupid jerk." The letter writer got personal after that, and Robinson committed his words to memory. The Trojans won their next four games, and one morning Robinson delved into his In Box and found an envelope with familiar handwriting on it. Excited, he called in his secretary to "let her share the conversion of one of my critics. I could hardly wait to open it, to read how pleased the guy was that we'd done better. He wrote, 'Don't get cocky, Robinson. You're still a stupid jerk.'"

Robinson loves that letter. As a notably uncocky first-time head coach in a circumstance that fairly cries for him to fear and tremble, he has attacked the perils of succeeding John (Four-National-Championships-And-Eight-Rose-Bowls) McKay with such immense enthusiasm, such unassuming candor that one gets the impression Robinson is sitting on a block of ice instead of on a hot seat. He fears

and trembles not "What, me worry?" he says. "With at least another week on my contract? I'm too dumb to worry."

What John Robinson is, above all else, is the opposite of dumb. Al Davis, Robinson's boss while on the Oakland Raider staff last year, says that intelligence, in fact, is his most serviceable asset. "Excellent" is a word Davis uses repeatedly to rate Robinson's coaching. McKay himself used similar adjectives when Robinson was coordinating the USC offense as an assistant in 1972-74, years when USC won 31 of 36 games and two national titles and averaged 32 points a game. Obviously, Robinson has not forgotten how to make an offense go. His Trojans have averaged 38.9 points and 473.4 yards, most in the nation, in the first eight games of the season, as they head for Saturday's showdown with Terry Donahue's UCLA Bruins.

But it is as much what Robinson has not done as what he has done that makes the more informed USC watchers believe he was peculiarly suited for McKay-following. An affable 41-year-old Chicagoan with a tendency toward plumpness—like his old school chum John Madden, Robinson has the deceptively soft look of a man who cannot keep his shirttail in—he does not have a large ego to serve. He describes his playing days at Oregon—McKay's old school, too, ironically—as so inauspicious that he had to become a coach to make up for it. Energetic and self-motivated, he has not resorted to those ego-serving devices new coaches always seem compelled to have recourse to. He has not ordered new carpets for the office, nor paneled the locker room. He has not changed the uniform colors or the helmet insignia. He did not ask for a new Cadillac (although he gladly accepted the loan of one). He did not fire the secretaries or the P.R. man. He didn't even fire McKay's assistant coaches. Three stayed on—Merv Goux, Skip Husbands and Don Lindsey—happily.

More than anything else, however, Robinson did not box McKay's shadow. Sitting in his borrowed Cadillac outside Julie's Restaurant, McKay's old hangout, one day recently, Robinson said, "First, Coach McKay

left me a good team. Most great coaches when they quit don't leave the next guy anything—that's usually why they quit—and suddenly the new guy starts losing, and before you know it he's being followed himself. Coach McKay [Robinson's respect for McKay is such that he has trouble calling him just "McKay"] built a tradition of bringing in fine players.

"But even more than that, Coach McKay created the legacy of an offense. I can coach the veer or the pro set. But here it's the I, with its great running attacks, with tailbacks who know they're going to be the center of attention, carrying the ball 35 times a game and wanting to—Garrett, O.J., Anthony Davis and now Ricky Bell.

"We had a great recruiting year, but I shouldn't expect it. We recruited Charles White and didn't have to. He'd gone to the same high school as Anthony Davis in San Fernando. He looks like Davis—he even runs like Davis. He saw a replica of Mike Garrett's Heinemann Trophy when he came in. He said, 'Boy, I want one of those.' At USC, he has the chance. That's the kind of tradition you don't get everywhere. That's why it would be crazy to try to make the place over."

Indeed, the USC team under Robinson would seem little changed. Before he was injured, Bell continued to carry the ball as if being tackled were something to look forward to (51 times vs. Washington State). But Robinson has succeeded in augmenting the design. His quarterbacks now average 19 passes a game, "giving us the kind of balance we had here in 1972"—the kind of balance, he hastens to add, that McKay always preached but did not have last year when he doubted the capabilities of his quarterbacks.

So far, no team has found a way to stop the Trojan offense. When Bell was hurt against California, Quarterback Vince Evans led the team with 153 total yards, and White ran for 91. The USC defense, underpinned at the beginning of the season, punneled Cal's All-America candidate, Quarterback Joe Rott. "We're getting there," Robinson said. If it weren't for the mailman, he wouldn't know what a terrible job he is doing.

—JOHN UNDERWOOD

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THE 924

PORSCHE

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The dynamic design of its clean, flowing lines instantly proclaims it to be unlike any other car you've ever seen.

Here is a perfect blending of the designer's search for beauty and the engineer's desire for efficiency. The shape of the new Porsche 924 not only pleases the eye, but it slices the wind so cleanly that it registered an incredibly low 0.36 drag coefficient in wind tunnel testing.



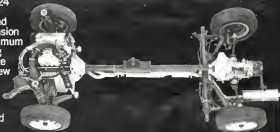
But the true innovativeness of this new Porsche lies much deeper than the sheet metal. It lies at the very heart of the car in a unique arrangement of the engine, clutch, and transmission, known as a "transaxle" system.

In this transaxle arrangement, the engine, a water-cooled overhead cam design with a continuous fuel injection system, is mounted in front. The clutch is placed directly behind it, giving quick, positive clutch action for rapid shifting.

The transmission, however, is mounted in the rear, at the driving wheels (hence the name rear "transaxle"). Rather than a conventional, heavy drive shaft with universal joints, there is a solid drive shaft in a hollow torque tube connecting the front-mounted engine with the rear-mounted transaxle. Thus, the entire drive train and differential is a single rigid unit which does away with universal joints and allows for more direct power transfer. Response is virtually instant. In addition, the gearshift is mounted directly on the torque tube, providing a short, precise throw.

But this unique transaxle system yields more than preciseness. It also results in an almost perfect 50-50 weight distribution which improves braking efficiency and enhances handling characteristics. The new Porsche 924 takes corners smoothly, in balance. McPherson struts in front, combined with a wishbone torsion bar suspension in the rear, keep body lean to a minimum in curves. Rack-and-pinion steering assures the driver of quick, accurate response to every command. The new Porsche 924 is designed to be the most driveable Porsche ever.

The new Porsche 924 is not inexpensive. But it is less than you'd expect to pay for a Porsche.





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Now a dozen UCLA players have towels designating themselves as Hollywood and Top Gun and so forth. Edwards, described by Donahue as "a great player and a better person," says he battled his way to a starting job in 1975 spring practice "by not giving any slack."

That's one of the hallmarks of the Bruins: giving no slack. That's how they dumped then No. 3-ranked Arizona State in the nationally televised season opener, climbed out of a mess to get past Stanford, tied Ohio State. Somehow, Donahue has been able to maintain a mix of professionalism and wide-eyed innocence. The night before the Ohio State game he sat in his hotel suite overlooking an ARCO station and a Burger King and mused, "Just think, I've never even coached Little League and now I'm going to coach against Woody Hayes."

Donahue knows football, obviously, but his success may stem even more from his ability to understand football players, who often need a load of understanding. Never a star himself, Donahue was a 195-pound walk-on at UCLA who ended up starting for two years. "I am an overachiever," he says. "And very, very... ah, average. Actually, 'sorry' is probably the word I'm searching for." Once, when Donahue was ejected from a game along with the Stanford quarterback, Prothro said, "I'll trade a defensive tackle for a quarterback anytime." Terry was dejected.

Donahue says he has learned much from all the coaches he has been associated with, including Prothro, who once described his poker strategy to Donahue: "Take every penny that everybody else at the table has got." Still, Pepper Rodgers is Terry's main mentor and buddy. Rodgers gave Donahue his first coaching job "when, just think, he could have chosen one of 1,000 other guys, but he chose me." This was after Donahue worked five months for free. Seems he had been told earlier to come to Kansas to work for Rodgers as a graduate assistant coach. But he had no intention of taking courses, so he received no scholarship. Instead, when he arrived at Lawrence in his station wagon, he was given a movie pass to all the theaters in town and told he could eat with the football players. A paycheck was not one of the perks.

Donahue's first day at a Kansas practice also was the first day for Karl Salb, the huge shotputter whom Rodgers had been trying for years to lure onto the foot-

ball team. Donahue reported after practice that he and Salb had had words, and Salb quit. Screamed Rodgers. "Donahue, do you have any idea how hard it is to get a 6'4", 260-pound defensive tackle and how easy it is to get a 23-year-old smart-neck assistant coach?" Terry got the message. Salb was back the next day and starred on the 1968 Kansas team that went 9-1 and played in the Orange Bowl. Donahue followed Rodgers to UCLA when Pepper got the top job there in 1970 and almost followed him to Georgia Tech in 1974. Does Rodgers have any advice for Terry? "Sure. He should quit after this year."

Don't count on it, Donahue says. "Ever since I walked onto the UCLA campus to play football, my dream was to be head football coach at UCLA. I'd hate to leave this place even for heaven." Still, Terry, who grew up in North Hollywood, thought he would have to leave UCLA at least temporarily because of the school's penchant for not hiring head coaches from its own staff. He was bitterly disappointed last December when Craig Fertig beat him out for the head coaching job at Oregon State.

Donahue is the son of a doctor, one of five boys, and was raised under the thumb of a mother known as "The Sarge." He was a plugger in school and a brawler in his spare time. On the day his mother was in the hospital giving birth to her fifth son, Terry was out on the streets of his neighborhood getting hit by a car. As the ambulance carried him away he was seen waving from the back window.

In high school he was named the "most inspirational," but what he excelled in were fights. Through several stretches, the Donahues needed a direct line from the St. Joe's emergency room to their home so Terry could get his dad to come sew him up. He even had one real boxing match, much to his parents' full-throated disgust. Terry's wife Andrea says, "He would do these miserable things, but he could never go to bed without saying, 'I'm sorry.'"

Now much more easygoing and self-deprecating, Donahue tells friends who call, "You're doing so great and I'm just hangin' on." When talk turns to coaches with more than 30 years on top, he shakes his head: "If I make it more than 30 months it will be a victory." But no upset. For even in the midst of high-pressure college football, Terry has not for-

gotten how to have fun. He loves the Friday afternoon postpractice naps-of-war involving his players and other students, especially when the losers get doused with water; he joins in the laughter when Riley, who is from Greenville, Tenn., gets to talking on a CB radio at practice: "Hey there, good buddy, this is Double D from Tennessee"; he even loves recruiting, and he chuckles over Riley's appraisal of a prospect: "He can play. His motor runs all the time."

There is a feeling that UCLA may just be able to steal L.A.'s affection for the Southern Cal Trojans. Assistant Coach Rich Brooks, who is always pleading for "a little levity," says, "When you're second-best in Los Angeles at what you're doing, you're not going to attract much attention." Proof? Did you know that USC also has a basketball team?

Donahue learned early on how time-consuming and difficult the struggle for the hearts and minds of fans would be. Gatherings of 40 or so people were scheduled throughout the Los Angeles area this summer. Donahue would go and make a speech and be charming and earnest. But at one get-together in Woodland Hills, only four people showed up. He sold them all tickets and afterward, in his circumspect way, said to a UCLA official with him, "Gee, that didn't seem like a lot of people to me. Did it to you?" Dominating Southern Cal is tough, even though the rumor persists that all you have to do in Los Angeles is turn on the lights and 20,000 people will show up just to see what's going on.

Every morning, Terry stops by a Westwood shop for an apple fritter, having been turned on to them by Riley, whose Southern upbringing has given him an appreciation of life's finer pleasures. This follows the vitamins Terry gulps at home, not because he believes in them (he doesn't), but because his wife does. Then Donahue goes over to the land of X's and O's and ticket requests from alleged friends. And through it all he demonstrates he has not been swept away by all this sudden good fortune. "The key to coaching," he says, "is to find the best way to do something and to keep in mind that it won't necessarily be your way." And he suspects the race ultimately may be futile. "There are really only two groups of coaches," he says. "Those who have been fired and those who will be." For the moment, though, Terry's scalp is secure.

TENNIS IS HOME ON THE RANGE

Little Mason, Texas has 23 courts and 2,000 tennis-crazed inhabitants, who play every day—and most of the night

by GILES TIPPETTE

Well, maybe Mason, Texas isn't the tennis capital of the world. Maybe it isn't even the most tennis-oriented town in the U.S. But what it is is the dadburned most unusual tennis town you'll ever see.

Mason and its 2,000 population are set square in the middle of the Texas cattle country. At first glance it doesn't look much different from any 300 other similar Texas cattle towns. It's got a town square built around a courthouse that's shaded by big oak and pecan trees, under which the old men sit in the afternoon and whistle or play dominoes. Around the square are the usual grocery and mercantile stores, and a drugstore with a marble-topped soda fountain. There's a lot of old homes, mostly built of limestone and granite. There's the jail, built in 1860, which they call the Crowbar Hotel. There are saddle shops and the kind of cafe where everyone goes for coffee in the morning, and a business that buys pecans and deer hides. Amos Kidd has got the only barbershop in town, and he closes every day from noon until one. And, of course, everyone wears boots and Levi's and Western hats. And everyone drives a pickup. But there the similarity ends and tennis takes over.

All over Texas there are pickup trucks with gun racks in the cabs. They've got gun racks in the pickups in Mason, too, but many of them hold tennis rackets. And looped over the gearshifts are sweatbands. The drivers will be wearing boots, but somewhere in those pickups will be a pair of tennis shoes, and in the glove compartment a can or two of tennis

balls—because you never know, in Mason, when someone might hail you down and say, "Let's go play a set or two."

They've got 23 tennis courts in Mason, which works out to roughly one court for every 80 people—men, women and children. It's hard to tell how many courts they've got in New York, say, or Los Angeles or San Antonio, but a city of one million would have to have around 12,500 courts to be in the same ratio. There probably aren't many places like that around.

Every summer the town runs a tennis tournament—the Mason Open—that has gotten completely out of hand. It began in 1967 with 146 entries, which is fair enough for a town that size, and it didn't strain the town or its facilities overmuch. But every year the number of entries kept growing. By 1971 there were 350 players in the tournament, and matches were being played until three and four o'clock in the morning. That was the year they blocked off the streets around the square and set up courts for the early rounds.

The old asphalt gave the ball some strange spins, but no one complained. No one ever seems to complain about tennis in Mason, which may be part of the trouble, because this year they had over 1,100 entries. They came from 65 towns, and there was one player from Mexico City and another from Australia. It must be admitted that the Australian was going to college in the U.S., but his appearance led Lee Graham, who is the high school principal and one of the factotums of the Mason Tennis Association, to comment, "From now on we're going to call this thing the Mason International Invitational Open." It also caused him to comment about the number of entries: "I don't really know what we're going to do if this thing gets much bigger. We've got about all we can say grace over now, and there doesn't seem to be any stopping it."

It's difficult to explain the popularity of the Mason tournament. It may be simply friendliness. Mason has only 67 motel and hotel rooms, which won't quite handle that kind of visitor flow. Early in June the 400 members of the Mason Tennis Association begin organizing the tourna-



ment. Every member is on a committee of some kind—the housing committee, the transportation committee, the concession stand committee, the officials committee. They need a lot of committees. For instance, as the applications come in, the housing committee begins looking for lodging for those entrants requesting it. Almost everyone in Mason—even some of the non-players—is willing to take in a visitor.

The nice thing about it is that the lodgings are free, which may partially explain the Mason phenomenon. Some towns might try to exploit an influx of better than half their population. But they don't do that in Mason. The cafes don't raise prices, the motels don't raise prices, the concession stand sells soft drinks for 15¢ and hamburgers for half a dollar. At the Hill Country Inn, the place to stay, eight or nine people are allowed to bunk in each room, which is probably against some fire ordinance, but nobody minds. In some of the private homes they jam them in as best they can, especially junior players. It's not an uncommon sight to go into someone's home and see 20 kids scattered about the place in sleeping bags. And they give them breakfast the next morning, too.

The townspeople provide a lot of free transportation. A good many of the



Everyone roots for tennis during the Open, when competition also takes over the downtown streets.

matches are played on private courts, and some of these are on ranches eight and 10 miles out of town over winding dirt roads that a visitor might have a little trouble finding. The courts are donated, of course. But more than that, homes are turned into clubhouses where the players can dress and shower and cool off after a match. On Corky Eckert's ranch, even the cattle seem interested in tennis. The fence comes right up to the side of the court, and while the matches are going on, cows or pigs will come wandering up and stand there watching. They don't follow the ball back and forth, but they do seem fascinated by the goings-on. Corky's court has one of the fastest surfaces in town, but he won't change it because sometimes dances are held there, and he says he's trying for the best compromise between a tennis court and a dance floor.

But that still doesn't quite explain why 1,100 people should go to a small Texas town to play in a tournament when there is any one of a dozen others to choose from. Hospitality and friendliness are obviously part of it, but Bill Bode, whose wife Frances is one of the co-chairwomen of the tournament (they don't say chairperson in Mason), believes it has to do with something else. "Over the years, people around Texas have come to as-

sociate tennis and Mason with each other, and when they come up here they know they'll be playing some of the best amateur players in their division. Everybody comes up here to have a good time and visit, but they also get to play a lot of tennis, and they go at it very seriously."

Which is fairly easy to believe. There are 210 other high schools in Mason's state division. In the last seven years Mason has won 15 of a possible 28 championships. At the regional level, over the same period, Mason has won 79 out of 81 matches. Lee Graham says, "The other players don't exactly lie down and die when someone from Mason tosses his racket cover out on the court, but it does seem to have a pretty big psychological effect. A couple of years ago we had a few kids hurt, and a couple of our track boys who'd never played much tennis came and asked if they could practice on their own and try and help. Well, we were just starting in to the district play-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMSTRONG

offs, and we don't have that many kids, so we said, 'Sure, go ahead.' Well, we ended up entering them as our No. 2 doubles team, and be darned if they didn't make it through district. They couldn't play much, but they just kept going and knocking that ball back. Then they won regional. Well, the day before we were to go up to state I see old Duke on the school grounds, and he says, 'Mr. Graham, I'm scared.' This was Duke Hooten, he and Cole Leifeste were the two track boys. I said, 'Duke, there's nothing to be scared of. Those teams you'll run into up there won't know you can't play. All they'll know is that you're from Mason, and they'll be the ones who'll be scared. Just go out there and act confident and make use of that advantage. Watch and see

continued



what happens.' Well, you know, those two old boys got to the finals in state, and neither one of them had been playing six months. Course they were both good athletes, but I sincerely believe if they'd been from some other town, they'd of never got by district."

Tennis took hold of Mason back in 1961, way before the so-called tennis boom began exploding all over the country. Most people give the credit to Helen Tallent, who started coaching tennis in the high school that year. She had been a ranked amateur player and came to Mason as a civics and P.E. teacher. She says that for the first five or six years she met with a great deal of resistance. "No one was much interested in tennis in Mason. Certainly none of the adults. And about the only kids I could get to come out for tennis were the ones who couldn't make the track or football teams."

"At first we had to beg and borrow and practically steal everything we got. Our budget would allow for maybe three dozen tennis balls for the whole year, and they gave us those grudgingly. We had to pay our own expenses to tournaments, and I wasn't paid anything at all for being the tennis coach. But, gradually, some of my younger players began coming on, and we began winning a few state championships, and then the adults began coming around. They'd been like anybody else in a Texas town—tennis was a sissy game. But everybody loves success, and once we started winning, the thing started to grow."

"At first we just had these two old concrete courts with grass coming up through the seams, but after we started winning, the school got behind the program, and we were able to get good equipment and the kind of support we needed. Of course, they still love football here, but there's one thing I'm very proud of. In the years, I'd hazard to say that we've sent more kids off to college on tennis scholarships than in any other sport. And some of them could never have gone had it not been for tennis."

This may be Mrs. Tallent's last year as coach. She's tired now because she puts a lot of time into it and a great deal of herself. Not that she has any regrets. "I don't know," she says. "You look back and you can at least say to yourself that here is a contribution I made. It's a good feeling."

The school is currently conducting a search for a new coach as meticulously as the University of Texas might look for a successor to Darrell Royal. And no one cares if the new coach can teach civics on the side. What they want is someone who can continue a tradition.

But Helen Tallent still doesn't explain how you can take a football-rodco-farming-cattle Texas town and turn it into a tennis center that's known all over the state. There had to be other factors. Raymond Brandenberger, a rancher in his 30s, says, "Well, it's got a lot to do with Helen. But, also, most of us had been athletes of one kind or another most of our lives. Then when we got up too old to play ball anymore there was kind of a

gap. We all missed it—some kind of competition. Then this tennis thing came along, and a lot of us began to realize it wasn't a sissy game. You couldn't knock anybody down, but you could get the legs run off you, and you could get some pretty good satisfaction out of whamming somebody with an overhead smash. What Helen did was make us all realize that here was a game we could play, no matter how old we were. The competition was there, we just never had paid much attention to it. All I know is that I'm real glad we discovered tennis in Mason."

One of the more disgusting things about Mason is that everyone is so healthy. You meet a man like Bill Broler and you think he'd be 40 at the very most. Then you find out he's 56. The same applies to 200 others—men and women. Of course, they play all the time, which is part of the ticket. Not too long ago Lee Graham and George Brannins hooked up against Roy Lehmberg, who's 53, and Bill Broler in an impromptu doubles match that started at 9 p.m. They played seven sets with no tie breakers. Finally, at 3:30 a.m., Graham and Brannins conceded that they were beat. Lehmberg, who is a peanut farmer as well as a cattle rancher, then went out to change the irrigation pipes in his fields. Graham says, "Me and George were give out, but Roy looked like he could have gone on until dawn. They kept beating us and we wouldn't accept it, so we just kept playing. That's the way we play tennis around here."

The Mason Open tournament takes five days, and one of the regrets of the Mason Tennis Association is that it's gotten so big that many of the members don't get much chance to play. And even when they do they're generally so distracted by their committee work that they arrive barely in time to take warm-ups. Lee Graham tried to play doubles with his regular partner, Norman Roe, who is the Methodist preacher, but they lost in the first round to a good out-of-town team. Lee was in charge of the umpiring for the junior players, and he was kept so busy by this chore that he barely had time to get to the court before his match began. His partner, the Reverend Roe, has apparently found a home. He says that when he came down for his interview, or whatever it is they call it when a church decides on calling a pastor, one of the first questions he asked the church

continued



Many of the pickup trucks in Mason have rockets strapped alongside rifles in the overhead gun racks.



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HOME ON THE RANGE continued

board was whether or not they had any place to play tennis. He says the members of the board looked at each other and then began nodding wisely, and it wasn't long before he knew he was home.

Of course, not everyone in Mason plays tennis, and you wonder what those who don't play think about such an extravaganza. No one seems to mind. Everyone seems happy to have the visitors. Which might not seem so remarkable, except you've got to keep remembering that this is a small Texas cattle town, and such places are noted for their prejudices and their inborn distrust of visitors. And a lot of these visitors have long hair and they wander all over town wearing tennis shorts and sweatbands and some of them don't talk at all like Texans. Amos Kidd doesn't play tennis, nor do any of the folks who hang around his barbershop during the day to take the breeze off the overhead oscillating fan. But they can see the portable courts around the square, and they sit there and watch the action, and every once in a while one will say, "Boy, did you see him hit that ball! I swan. I don't know how they can hit that blamed thing so hard and get it to come down inside them little lines." Or they'll say, "It's blessed hot out there and would you look at them folks runnin' and jumpin' around like that? That'd give a stout heifer the colic."

The mayor, Willard Aubrey Jr., who is also the town dentist, doesn't play, but he comes to the barbershop sometimes to watch the action on the courts. So does Jake Miller, who's been shining shoes for a long time in Amos' barbershop. Once Jake had a bad tooth that he wanted pulled and he kept agitating the dentist about the price, trying to work him down. Finally, the mayor showed up one day and Jake started in again. "No one was getting a haircut right then so the mayor said, 'Just step up and sit in that chair, Jake, and let me have a look at it.'" He had a pair of dental forceps in his pocket and he wiggled the tooth and then, before Jake knew what was happening, he'd whipped out the forceps and drew the tooth. After that he said that Jake owed him a shine. And right then, So Jake would work on the mayor's shoes, spit blood and then work on the shoes some more. In the end everyone was satisfied, except Jake complained that it had taken him longer to shine the shoes than it had taken the mayor to pull

continued

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the tooth. The mayor explained that that was a matter of the cost of the equipment. "Forceps," he told Jake, "cost a lot more than a 50-cent can of shoe polish."

Last summer you could have sat in Red Alexander's office at the Crowbar Hotel and watched part of the tournament. Alexander is the town sheriff. He was a U.S. marshal for 30 years and looks the part. He says, "I don't believe I ever saw a better behaved crowd of any kind. I don't believe we've even had to give a parking ticket during all these tournaments. I never knew much about tennis myself, but these people that play it seem like a pretty good bunch."

Mason is dry, except for beer and for one private club called the Home Place, which is a charming restaurant in an old two-story granite home. It's run by a lady named Jane, and during the tournament it's made available to all the players who use a member's name as their sponsor. Every year Jane has laid in more and more steaks and chicken and whiskey, and every year she runs out on the last night because there are always more people than expected. They fill up both floors and then stand around in their tennis shorts and skirts and shoes waiting for a table. The gentlemen's room upstairs still has the bathtub in it. Supposedly you could go in and have a bath while waiting for your table if you wanted to.

The Home Place has a jukebox, but it carries tunes by Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson and other country-and-Western singers. They make an odd contrast with the talk, which is all tennis. "He came to the net and I lobbed and the wind kept carrying it out. It happened all day. Every time I'd shorten up, the wind would blow harder." And, "I hit a baseline shot that the umpire called out, but I know definitely it was in. So she broke me in the second set and after that it was hard to get back in the match." And, "Oh, I lost, but we were out at the Bode Ranch so I just dived in his pool, took off my shoes and all, and forgot about it."

So you guess, maybe, in the final analysis that what makes the tournament so successful is a combination of factors: Mason is such a nice place, the people are so friendly, and they play quite a good brand of tennis. What is comforting to think about all this is that tennis has come out of the country clubs and got down to where us common folk, no matter what

continued

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our accent, live. It's especially significant in a town like Mason. Anyone who grew up in Texas knows that the heroes are the football players. They're still important in Mason, no question about that. But here's a town that makes room and gives recognition to the slightly built 140-pounder who can go and get the ball and knock it back. Here's a town where the umpire might be wearing boots and Levi's and a Western hat but he says "Fault" and "Let" and "40-15" like his counterpart in Forest Hills, and that's somehow oddly refreshing. In a sense, clashing cultures have come together and all of them have survived. Maybe, in the final analysis, that is what makes Mason unique—that the red-neck bull riders don't denude the tennis players and the tennis players don't make fun of the red-neck bull riders.

But they don't just have the one tournament in Mason. They have tournaments all year round, mostly impromptu and informal. What they'll do is get 10

or 20 couples together, and everyone will bring a covered dish, and they'll have a tournament on several of the private ranch courts with one designated as headquarters. Sometimes they play until well after midnight, and then they have supper. The most famous of these tournaments is the Art World Invitational Art is not a town. It's a wide place in the road about 10 miles out of Mason near Dan Lehmberg's ranch. They usually hold the tournaments on Dan Lehmberg's and Roy Lehmberg's and Corky Eckert's and Bill Bode's courts. The preliminaries are played on all courts and then everyone generally gathers at Dan Lehmberg's for the finals. The winner gets to hold the trophy until someone else wins it. The trophy is a piece of wood that Dan Lehmberg's son has run a hot iron over to announce that the winner is the ART WORLD INVITATIONAL CHAMPION. It's very much a prized possession, and it moves around a lot.

When the Mason Open tournament

finally ends, and all the strange faces leave town, the Home Place gets back to having enough steaks and whiskey to satisfy local demands. The motel goes back to 50% occupancy with just the one salesman or traveling family to a room. The cafes don't sell as many hamburgers and chicken-fried steaks and the boys over at Amos Kidd's barbershop don't have as much to watch. But the lights still stay on until late at night at the school courts.

They've got an honor box mounted on a pole there, and you're supposed to put a dollar in for every hour you play. Some, who play a lot, just keep count of the hours they've played and then drop in once a month at the bank, which is the trustee for the tennis association, and say, "Well, we played 21 hours this month, so we owe you so much." Most times the association ends up with more money than there should have been. In these days and times, that'll give you some idea of just how serious they are about tennis in Mason.

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Can't cut him off at the pass

TOMMY KRAMER THROWS SO WELL SO OFTEN THAT RICE'S LOSSES HURT LESS

Teams often throw the ball a lot when they are overmatched or far behind. Rice is usually both, giving up an average of 361 points and 486 yards a game. As a result, it frequently seems that the Owls are playing catch-up from the opening kickoff.

It is probable, however, that Kramer would throw the ball a lot in any event. Passing is the key to the "Triple Pocket" offense introduced to the Owls when Homer Rice (no relation) became head football coach and athletic director last January.

As taught by Rice the coach, the offense of Rice the team is a combination of the triple option ground game and the dropback pass. The key to the latter is well-rehearsed timing between Kramer and his receivers.

"On the snap from center," Kramer says, "I take a seven-step dropback that puts me nine or 10 yards deep. My receiver is running his route based on a number of steps, too. As I'm hitting my seventh step, he's going to be breaking off his route so that I'm almost letting the ball go within half a second after I set up."

"I hardly ever see Tommy throw," says sophomore Receiver David Houser, who is averaging 20.5 yards per reception after catching passes for more than 100 yards in four of his last five games. "I hardly see Tommy at all for that matter. The way our system works, you first see the ball about eight feet away, just before you catch it."

Kramer has connected on 52.6% of his passes and has been intercepted only 12 times in 403 attempts. Because of his quick setup and release, Kramer has been sacked but 14 times although the Owl offensive line is constantly being shuffled and patched up because of injuries.

The SMU game two weeks ago was more than a little typical of a Kramer performance. With Rice losing (what else?) 34-27 with less than four minutes to play, Kramer fired a barrage that took the Owls to two touchdowns and a 41-34 victory. When the game was over, Kramer had completed 29 of 45 passes for 386 yards and three touchdowns. Eleven of those passes were caught by Running Back James Sykes. Doug Cunningham, who has played his last five games with a splint on a broken finger, caught the touchdown pass that enabled Rice to tie the game at 34-34. The winning touchdown came on a six-yard pass to Tight End Ken Roy. After last week's 38-6 loss to Baylor, Sykes is second in the nation in pass receptions, averaging 6.7 a game, and Cunningham is third with a 6.3 average.

As a blue-chipper at San Antonio's Lee High School, where he threw 55 scoring passes in two seasons, Kramer was one of the most sought-after athletes in Texas.

"Notre Dame really wanted him bad," says Mark Bockeloh, a linebacker who is Kramer's roommate. "If he had gone continued



THE PROS ARE HIGH ON THE 6'2" KRAMER

If college football teams were ranked on the basis of fan entertainment rather than win-loss records, all those "We're No. 1" cheers reverberating out of Pittsburgh, Los Angeles and Ann Arbor would be silenced by a team that may lose eight games this season. The honor would go to the Rice University Owls for staging the most exciting and scarcest aerial act since The Flying Wallendas—who never had to face a present defense.

Rice is as curious as the applause attending its steady stream of defeats. The Owls are less than mediocre—three wins in nine games—and yet they are undeniably thrilling, a perfect representative for a university whose role in collegiate sport is unusual, unenviable and generally unknown.

For one thing, the Houston school's academic standards parallel those of the Ivy League more than the Southwest Conference, where the Owls have not had a winning season in the last 13 years. For another, Rice has an undergraduate enrollment of 2,600, including coeds, and a 71,000-seat stadium that last held a full house in 1974—for Super Bowl VIII. Publicist Bill Whitmore notes, wryly, that if every graduate in Rice's 64-year history showed up on the same afternoon to cheer the Owls, Rice Stadium would still be half empty.

Yet Rice has refused to soften its schedule or lower its athletic sights, taking on such out-of-conference heavyweights as Florida, LSU and, in recent years, Notre Dame and USC. The Owls this season have been a delightful contrast to most of the state's other teams, which monotonously run the ball out of the wishbone, veer or T-bone. While the Owls seldom are successful, they are rarely boring, and the reason is a game-long passing attack that resembles Fran Tarkenton's two-minute offense.

The gunner in Rice's aerial circus is 21-year-old Tommy Kramer, a 6'2", 195-pound quarterback whose passing statistics are as staggering as the defenses that have tried to stop him. Kramer has averaged 24 completions in 44 pass attempts a game for a season total of 2,580 yards and 17 touchdowns. With two games left, Kramer has already surpassed the 11-game pass-completion total completed last year by San Diego State's Craig Penrose, the 1975 NCAA passing champion. Kramer also has rewritten 10 Rice career and single-game records.

there, they would have been national champions twice."

Kramer, however, elected to go to Rice. "I wanted to stay in Texas," he says, "and you're not going to get a better degree out of the state of Texas."

Now Kramer looks at his decision philosophically. "Naturally I'd like to be with a winner," he says. "That's the American dream. But you're going to face adversity throughout life and I think how well you can adjust to it is going to mean a lot to you later on. We've had some bad times, but I don't regret coming to Rice even though we didn't win a lot of football games. As far as my life is concerned, it's helped me out tremendously."

The Rice offense also should prove to be a big help to Kramer in the pro football draft, assuming there is one. Pro scouts low-rated him early in the season, but his worth has risen with every pass completion. It did not hurt him one bit when he hit 34 of 57 for 397 yards and two touchdowns in a 42-15 loss to Texas.

"He's a good pro prospect," says Norm Pollom of the Rams. "He's got a good arm, he's smart, he handles the offense well. He's not the fastest, but he can move around if he has to. I think he could be a first-round choice."

Gil Brandt of the Cowboys agrees. "He's got great potential," Brandt says. "He's an athlete—that's No. 1—and he's a natural dropback passer, which everyone in the NFL wants because we haven't developed too many. You'll really be able to see how good he is when he gets into a game like the Senior Bowl."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST

Suddenly there was a jam at the top of the Big Eight again. Nebraska, which the week before had taken sole possession of the lead, was upended by Iowa State 37-28. Sharing first place with the Huskers were Oklahoma, Colorado, Oklahoma State and Iowa State, which has never won a league championship but which now has an 8-2 record, the best of any team in the conference.

The Cyclones' chances against the Huskers seemed to dwindle when Quarterback Wayne Stanley hurt his knee just before halftime, but Buddy Hardeman took over and ran

for 93 yards. Iowa State, a 52-0 loser at Nebraska a year ago, allowed just 77 yards rushing, while Cyclone backs galloped for 321. Split End Luther Blue further enlivened the Cyclone attack by dashing 95 yards with a kickoff for a touchdown. State's defenders were relentless, forcing eight fumbles and pouncing on six of them. Nose Guard Maynard Stiersma made nine tackles, recovered one fumble and provoked two others.

Oklahoma outlasted Missouri 27-20. Halfback Horace Ivory running for 159 yards. Fullback Kenny King for 128 and Quarterback Thomas Lost for 126. With the Tigers trailing 27-10 at the start of the fourth period, Steve Psarski came off the bench to complete 12 of 23 passes for 193 yards. But 6' 5", 200-pound Linebacker Daryl Hunt forced him to rush one pass that was intercepted and later sacked Psarski for a 10-yard loss. Hunt also caused two fumbles.

Kansas tunned the ball over 10 times as Colorado prevailed 40-17. Running Back Tony Reed of the Buffaloes ran for 168 yards. Oklahoma State clobbered Kansas State 45-21 as Halfback Terry Miller scored 30 points.

Ohio State and Michigan geared up for this week's Big Ten showdown by notching victories. The Buckeyes struggled past Minnesota 9-3, picking up just four first downs and 42 yards in the second half. Quarterback Jim Paetz set up the game's only touchdown by passing for 51 yards during a 73-yard drive in the second period. Minnesota's Tony Danga passed for 201 yards and directed five second-half drives into Buckeye territory, but the State defenders did not yield a touchdown.

Running Back Rob Lytle became Michigan's all-time rushing leader (3,085 yards), picking up 89 yards and scoring three times in a 38-7 wallop of Illinois.

Purdue blanked Iowa 21-0. Indiana overcame a 14-0 deficit to nip Wisconsin 15-14 on a late touchdown run by Ric Enis and a two-point conversion run by Tim McVay, son of the New York Giant coach. Northwestern shocked Michigan State 42-21 after being down 21-20 going into the last quarter.

Notre Dame gained 484 yards and Alabama 401, with the Irish scoring all their points in the second period and then hanging on for a 21-18 verdict. Irish freshman Vagas Ferguson ran for 107 yards and Rick Slater completed 15 of 23 passes for 235 yards. Jeff Rutledge of the Tide hit on 13 of 24 attempts for 207 yards.

Western Michigan upset first-place Ball State 24-10 in a Mid-American clash. Also jolted was Northern Michigan, which had its 18-game winning streak snapped by Grand Valley State 31-14.

The Minnesota-Duluth at Michigan Tech game and the NCAA Division II rushing title were decided in the last two seconds. That's when Duluth intercepted a pass in its end zone to seal a 21-14 victory. On the game's final play, Ted McKnight of the Ball-

dogs, who needed one yard to beat Tech's Jim VanWagner out of a third straight rushing crown, bolted 28 yards. That gave McKnight a season total of 1,488 yards.

1. MICHIGAN (8-1)

2. OHIO STATE (8-1-1) 3. IOWA STATE (8-2)

EAST "I can only take so much," said Pittsburgh's Tony Dorsett. "Then emotion takes over." Dorsett's emotions were aroused by what he labeled "dirty play" by West Virginia. Convinced that a Mountaineer tackler tried to spear him while he was down, Dorsett threw a flurry of punches, an outburst that resulted in his being benched from the game with 22 seconds to go. By then he had done more than enough damage with his feet to ensure Pitt's 24-16 win, having rushed for 199 yards and three touchdowns. Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh added 124 yards in 19 carries, but the Panthers, who had taken over the top spot in the polls for the first time since 1937, kept the game reasonably close by fumbling eight times.

Both Navy and Army went to the air to register impressive victories. Bob (Alphabet Soup) Leszczynski completed 14 of 24 passes for 267 yards and three touchdowns in the Midfies topped Georgia Tech 34-28. Lesmon Hall was on target with 14 of 31 attempts for 195 yards and three TDs as the Cadets handed Colgate its first loss 29-13.

Brown and Yale wound up their seasons tied for the Ivy League title. It was the first time the Bruins had finished atop the league since it was established in 1956, but to do so they had to overcome a 17-7 halftime deficit at Columbia. Brown won 28-17 as Quarterback Paul Metchko and Halfback Billy Hill each ran for two touchdowns. Yale also had to come from behind to beat Harvard. Halfback John Fagbale gained 94 of his 128 yards in the second half as the Elis, down 7-0, won 21-7. Cornell topped Penn 31-13 and Dartmouth pummeled Princeton 33-7.

Syracuse and Temple both took early 14-0 leads. The Orangemen came up black and blue, though, as Boston College rallied for a 28-14 decision. But the Owls gave their fans cause to cheer as they kept adding points and downed Dayton 35-6. Cherting was something that was noticeably absent at Temple, especially several weeks ago when only a handful of students attended a pep rally before the Penn State game. Undesired by that lack of school spirit, Temple Coach Wayne Hardin had his players do the cheerleading. "We've been doing it every day after practice," Hardin said.

East Stroudsburg (Pa.) State, with Tailback Pete Radocha's 184 yards, stomped on Morgan State 23-0 to extend its winning streak to 19 games, the longest in the NCAA.

1. PITTSBURGH (10-0)

2. RUTGERS (10-0) 3. PENN STATE (7-3)

continued

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WEST Wyoming got an early Christmas present. By rallying for a 14-10 victory at Texas-El Paso, the Cowboys assured themselves of at least a share of the Western AC title and a trip to the Fiesta Bowl. Wyoming's dream of a warm Christmas in Arizona was nearly snuffed out by five inches of snow and by the stubborn Miners, who led 10-7 in the fourth quarter. But Quarterback Marc Cousins, who had run 50 yards for a touchdown in the second period, scored the winner on a three-yard keeper in the fourth. Still, it remained for the defense to thwart a final effort by the Miners, who drove to the Cowboys' 12-yard line in the winning moments.

The passing of Gifford Nielsen propelled Brigham Young past New Mexico 21-8. Nielsen, the major-college passing-yardage leader, completed 17 of 35 throws for 288 yards and three touchdowns. That left him with 2,777 yards and 26 touchdown passes, both tops in the nation and WAC records. Laboring in a losing cause for New Mexico was Fullback Mike Williams, who ran for 126 yards in 25 carries to bring his total rushing yardage to 947 for the season.

"Our exhibition season is over now," said USC Coach John Robinson after disposing of Washington 20-3. That set up this Saturday's all-or-nothing contest against UCLA, which defeated Oregon State 45-14, with the winner nailing down the Pac 8 championship and a berth come this January in the Rose Bowl.

Troyan Tailback Ricky Bell, no longer bothered by a hip pointer, was slowed down by a sore left ankle and gained only 21 yards in a dozen runs. That, though, was enough to move him past O. J. Simpson and into the No. 2 spot on the all-time conference rushing list behind Anthony Davis. Bell now has a career total of 3,431 yards. USC fans got a scare when Quarterback Vince Evans, forced to scramble late in the third quarter, was creamed by Outside Linebacker Sean Walderhaug. Walderhaug and Evans careered along the sideline stripe and crashed into a platform built for the official timer. Evans was knocked out but was otherwise unhurt and will be ready for the Bruins.

UCLA Tailback Wendell Tyler, however, was not as fortunate. Tyler, who broke loose for a 68-yard scoring run on the third play of the game and who brought his career rushing-yardage total over the 3,000-yard mark, suffered a badly bruised shoulder that might sideline him for the USC contest.

Quarterback Guy Benjamin and Wide Receiver Tony Hill teamed up on a pair of first-period touchdown passes as Stanford stopped Oregon 28-17 in another Pac 8 battle. California held a 23-0 edge in the third quarter before Cougar Quarterback Jack Thompson connected on three touchdown passes and on a pair of two-point conversions. After narrowing the deficit to 23-22 with 13 seconds

left, Thompson missed on a try for yet another two-point pass.

San Jose State locked up the Pacific Coast AA title by defeating Pacific 50-30. Independent San Diego State brought its record to 8-1 with a 7-6 squeaker over Utah State. Safety Herman Edwards setting up the Aztec touchdown with a 21-yard runback of an interception and by bailing down an Aggie pass for a two-point conversion.

1. UCLA (9-0-1)

2. USC (8-1) 3. WYOMING (8-2)

SOUTHWEST Revenge at the Rock was not the name of a second-rate movie; it was the goal of Texas A&M when it faced Arkansas at Little Rock. A year ago the Aggies went to the Rock with a 10-0 record and visions of No. 1 dancing inside their helmets. They were humiliated 31-6. This time they came to the Rock with two losses. The Aggies also came with David Walker, a left-handed quarterback who had helped them score 127 points in their last three games, all wins. Arkansas took a 3-0 lead, but then the Aggies got their revenge as Walker set up one touchdown with a 41-yard pass and drove the team 80 yards for another score. Halfback Curtis Dickey completed a 39-yard pass to Split End Randy Teare for yet another six-pointer. A&M zoomed in front 24-3 at halftime, as the Razorbacks managed to gain only three yards on five second-quarter plays. For the Aggies, who did not commit a turnover, the sweetest part of their 31-10 revenge was that the setback left Arkansas with a 3-1-1 record in the Southwest Conference, virtually knocking the Hogs out of title contention.

First-place Texas Tech improved its SWC mark to 5-0 by overwhelming SMU 34-7. The game was delayed 90 minutes while an unreasonable six inches of snow was removed from the Tech field. Red Rader runners gained 401 yards, Quarterback Rodney Allison leading the way with 92 yards and two touchdowns. All of which set up this week's showdowns against Houston, which did not play last Saturday and which is 5-1 in the SWC.

Like A&M, Texas also relied on a left-handed quarterback. And, like Tech, the Longhorns played in the snow and won by exactly the same score, 34-7. Texas breezed past TCU behind the signal-calling of freshman Mark McBeth, who hit on six of nine passes for 78 yards and one touchdown. Another freshman, Halfback Johnny (Lam) Jones, gained 95 yards rushing, 50 of them on a touchdown jump.

Mark Jackson of Baylor passed for 246 yards and one touchdown as he completed 17 of 26 tosses in a 38-6 rout of Rice.

1. TEXAS TECH (8-0)

2. TEXAS A&M (7-2) 3. HOUSTON (8-2)

SOUTH Georgia warmed the hearts of its fans with a 28-0 drubbing of Auburn while Kentucky cold-shouldered Florida 28-9. That tied the Southeastern Conference title and a Sugar Bowl bid for the Bulldogs. Running Back Kevin McLee of Georgia bulldozed his way for 203 yards. Fullback Al Pollard for 158.

Kentucky Coach Fran Ciesek longed for a "field covered with snow" that would chill Florida's offense. He even switched benches so the afternoon shadows would give the Gators goose bumps. Ciesek did not get snow, but the 37° weather may have been sufficient. Whatever it was, the Gators gained just 154 yards while the Wildcats rambled for 472.

Mississippi State jarred LSU 21-13, Tennessee smothered Mississippi in a 32-0 romp and Vanderbilt shot down visiting Air Force 34-10.

Although bad at acting, Maryland was adept at execution as it rolled to its second

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Junior Halfback Terry Miller ran for 221 yards in 37 carries and tied a Big Eight record by scoring five touchdowns on jaunts of nine, 16, nine, one and 18 yards as Oklahoma State beat Kansas State 45-21.

DEFENSE: Safety Malcolm Hunter made six tackles, recovered two fumbles and intercepted a pass to help Northwestern knock off Michigan State 42-21 and end the nation's longest major-college losing streak at 15

shouts in a row, 20-0 over Atlantic Coast Conference opponent Clemson. When the Terps lined up for a field goal the Tigers were not fooled, but they still could not keep Quarterback Mark Mangas from taking the snap, rolling to the right and uncorking a 15-yard pass to Wide Receiver Vince Kinney, who ran the final 18 yards for a touchdown.

North Carolina overpowered Virginia 31-6. Duke surprised North Carolina State 28-14 and Wake Forest hung on to stop independent South Carolina 10-7. Mike Voight of the Tar Heels ran for 190 yards.

Two Eastern visitors won, Rutgers beating Tulane 29-20 and Penn State stopping Miami 21-7. The Scarlet Knights came into their game leading the nation in three defensive categories, but fell behind 20-17 at halftime and did not seal the victory until the final minutes. Chuck Fuina completed 17 of 27 passes for 212 yards and two touchdowns as the Nittany Lions won their sixth straight.

East Carolina missed a chance to sew up the Southern Conference title, losing to Furman 17-10. Richmond upset Virginia Tech 16-0. Memphis State beat Louisville 26-14.

1. MARYLAND (10-0)

2. GEORGIA (9-1) 3. MISS. STATE (8-2)

The U.S. got cracking in Caracas

IN RECENT YEARS OUR DAVIS CUP TEAMS HAVE HAD SOME UPSETTING EXPERIENCES AGAINST LATIN COUNTRIES, BUT LAST WEEK THE AMERICANS EASILY BEAT VENEZUELA TO SET THE STAGE FOR A CRUCIAL MATCH WITH MEXICO

Davis Cup Captain Tony Trabert was cautious and just a bit apprehensive last week in the beautiful, mountain-ringed city of Caracas as his U.S. team practiced for its matches with Venezuela, the first step in what is hoped will be a march to the final round line next year.

This was Trabert talking at court-side or in his hotel room: "We're not taking anyone lightly," and, "We're taking this thing seriously," and, "We have planned and prepared, we're not just flying by the seat of our pants." On the surface the U.S. had little cause to worry about Venezuela in tennis. The latest chatter from the official computer ranks Vene-

zuela's best players, Jorge Andrew and Humphrey Hose, No. 139 and No. 282 respectively in the world. But Trabert knew that Latins had upset U.S. Davis Cup teams six times in the last 10 years, starting with the underdog Spaniards in 1965, and followed by Brazil in 1966, Ecuador in 1967, Colombia in 1974 and Mexico twice, in 1975 and 1976.

This time Trabert promised that if the U.S. did not win he would dive into the Caribbean and swim home, after first slathering himself with shark bait. He was saved from an untimely end when the U.S. defeated Venezuela 4-1.

Trabert assembled a powerful squad

from three continents for the Caracas matches: singles players Dick Stockton and Vitas Gerulaitis, both in the world's top 20, and the doubles team of Freddy McNaught and Sherwood Stewart, rated one of the three best pairs on earth. Gerulaitis flew down from the U.S., Stockton came all the way from Tokyo and McNaught-Stewart arrived from Cologne.

In addition, this U.S. squad had some advantages over the one that was upset 4-1 in Bogotá by a Colombian team that didn't rank much higher on the computer's hit parade than the Venezuelans. The elevation in Caracas—3,418 feet above sea level—takes getting used to but it is 5,000 feet lower than Bogotá, and whereas the Bogotá matches were played on clay, the courts at Caracas' pretty Altamira Tennis Club are covered with Porrosol, a concrete-hard, extremely fast surface suited to most Yankees.

As if anything else were needed, Trabert brought with him from Los Angeles Dr. Omar Fareed, an expert on tropical diseases and the answer to two trivia questions: Who was the blocking back for the very first Heisman Trophy winner, Jay Berwanger of the University of Chicago? Why, Omar Fareed, of course. And who is the father-in-law of tennis player Charlie Pasarell? You guessed it: Trabert also invited new pro Bill Scanlon along. He is the baby-faced NCAA champion from Trinity University who already has moved up to No. 51 in the computer's rankings. A Davis Cup squad is limited to four men, so Scanlon was along strictly for seasoning and an exhibition match on Saturday.

"Scanlon's had an awfully good year," said Trabert. "Everyone I've talked to is extremely impressed with his potential. He looks to me like the next great American player. It's good to have him sort of get the feel of Davis Cup play."

By Friday, when the first two singles matches were played, each U.S. team

continued



STOCKTON SPLIT IN HIS TWO SINGLES MATCHES WHILE GERULAITIS WAS ALL-CONQUERING



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member had had at least four days to acclimatize himself to the altitude and the time zone. They were all confident, although Gerulaitis, McNair and Stewart had never played Davis Cup before.

A drizzle momentarily held up the first match but it got started just after 5 p.m. in the gathering dusk. To help increase attendance, Trabert had agreed to the late-afternoon start, but he had hoped Gerulaitis would play first for the U.S. Instead, Stockton's name had come up in the draw. This is the 25-year-old Stockton's third straight year playing Davis Cup, but he had been complaining about the lights in late-afternoon practices, and Trabert thought he might get psyched out in the twilight.

A Davis Cup captain needs things to fret over, such as making ice cubes out of bottled water to guard his team from *turista*, but he need not have fretted about Stockton. He broke Jorge Andrew in the third game and rolled on to a straight-set victory, 6-2, 6-4, 9-7. Andrew, who was reared in Caracas and grew up playing at Altamira, led 5-4 and 6-5 in the third and had two set points, but Stockton followed Trabert's advice, quit being too careful returning serve and started "driving through the ball" and pulled the set out.

"That's some of the best serving I've ever done in my life," said Stockton. "I must have got close to 90% of my first serves in."

The second singles match pitted Gerulaitis, 22, the brash, likable New York City kid with the long blond mane, against the 6' 4" Hose, who, along with Chris Evert and Connors, is one of the sport's truly fine and consistent grinders. Each time he serves, and often on ground strokes or volleys, too, Hose sounds like a bear that has just been punched in the solar plexus. Born in Curaçao but a resident of Corpus Christi, Hose is a nephew of Venezuela's alltime tennis great, Ivo Pimental. Hose has not accomplished nearly as much, but in a Davis Cup match in Tucson last year he did have Connors reeling; big Humphrey led 4-1 in the first set and later had one set point before Connors settled down to win.

It was perhaps lucky for the U.S. that Andrew had played in the twilight match because Hose hits a hard serve off a short toss, in the manner of Roscoe Tanner.

To his opponents it sometimes appears as if Hose is hitting the ball right out of his hand. The Venezuelan started off strongly, serving and grunting beautifully and breaking Gerulaitis to go ahead 3-0. It was a stumbling start for the young man who had just moved up from 20th to 19th in the world.

"Welcome to the Davis Cup," muttered Trabert to himself in his court-side seat.

Hose won the first set 6-3 and ambled off the court nodding to himself and saying, "O.K., O.K.," but it was not very O.K. for him thereafter. Gerulaitis discovered that the big bear was very clumsy on low forehand volleys and half-volleys and started chipping shots in that direction, winning a close second set 6-4 by breaking in the last game and going on to win the match 3-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4.

"At the 10-minute rest period after the third set, I couldn't get Vitas to sit down," said Trabert. "He was walking around in the locker room like a mechanical Mickey Mouse."

"At first I was trying to hit too hard," said Gerulaitis, "so I started chipping to his forehand, making him bend. It was hard work. I thought it would be a little bit easier."

Saturday's doubles match was played earlier, at 2 p.m., but the crowd did not increase, perhaps because the ticket prices were too high—ranging up to \$14.00—or because the Yankees were ahead 2-0 or because it was such a lovely day that most everybody went over to Caracas' famous fishing port, La Guaira, to do a little angling.

Venezuela went with Andrew and Hose, both of whom had played for the University of Corpus Christi. Trabert used McNair, who was an All-America at the University of North Carolina, and the tall, bearded Stewart, who was born and reared in Goose Creek, Texas and went to Lamar Tech.

McNair is the gambler, the quick guy at the net. Stewart has a good serve, a powerful return of serve and a fine overhead. At the net McNair hogs more than his share of the territory. In the back-court, lobs and balls down the middle belong to Stewart.

They were too much for Andrew-Hose, although McNair was jittery at first and never did get a lot of first serves in.



STEWART AND McNAIR WERE DOUBLE TROUBLE

The U.S. won 8-6, 6-3, 6-4 without too many tense moments. The highlight of the match came in the first set when the U.S. fought off three set points with Andrew serving, broke to tie at 6-6 and went on to win.

On Sunday Hose, who looks overweight but is used to playing in hot weather on the Caribbean circuit, defeated Stockton in a three-hour-plus match, 6-4, 3-6, 11-9, 9-7. In the final singles match, Gerulaitis downed Andrew 6-3, 1-6, 6-3, 7-5.

The next Davis Cup match for the U.S. will be in December in Tucson, during a tournament lull when all of America's pros should be available in case Trabert calls. He will likely need whoever is playing the best because the opponent will be Mexico and its tough Raul Ramirez, who would like nothing better than to send Trabert home to L.A. by swimming around the tip of Baja California. **END**



A case of suspended animation

THE BUBBLY LAROCHE FINALLY POPPED OFF ONCE TOO OFTEN. UNLUCKY PIERRE!

When the Pittsburgh Penguins reinstated Center Pierre Larouche last week following a two-game suspension, they were studiously, even stubbornly, ho-hum about it. Despite his tender years—he turns 21 this week—Larouche had already established himself as one of the NHL's flashiest performers, and the Penguins obviously hoped to pass off his suspension as an inconsequential interlude in his career. It was a little like what happens when a TV show resumes after being interrupted by a news bulletin. You know, sorry about that typhoon in Indonesia, folks, and ... now back to *Hollywood Squares*!

In Larouche's case, this meant that ev-

erone had to act as though Pierre had never sassed his elders, never arrived late to practice and never put himself ahead of his team, just a few of the myriad sins that had led to his brief banishment. "The suspension has been blown out of all proportion," insisted Boz Bastien, the Penguins' assistant general manager. "I don't know why the press has made such a big deal of it." And Coach Ken Schinkel intoned, "It's behind us. Let's talk about the future." Larouche wanted to look ahead, too, and spare himself the pain of dwelling on the \$3,000 in lost salary the suspension cost him. "The suspension did me a lot of good," he said. "Now I just want to play hockey."

For all the soothing words, though, the fact was that Larouche had been brewing ever since the prodigy signed a five-year \$500,000 contract with the Penguins at the slightly preposterous age of 18. One of 10 children of a retired railroad engineer in the northern Quebec hamlet of Amos, Larouche scored 31 and 53 goals in his first two seasons, the youngest NHLer ever to attain such gaudy numbers, and his slick skating and sure stickhandling invited comparison with illustrious centers like Jean Beliveau and Stan Mikita. Larouche further won over working-class Pittsburgh by making the scene in night spots like the Anchor and the Gaslight, a dashing figure with a smile on his handsome features and a wisecrack at his lips. When a radio station sponsored a "Date with Pierre" contest, it got 1,500 entrants.

But Larouche proved less adept at handling his emotions than the puck; he alternately boasted about his deeds or sulked about his mistakes. He frequently showed up late for Penguin practices, then sloughed off when he got there. He seldom bothered to backcheck, explaining the deficiency with a quip: "If you're on offense all the time, there's no way you can get in trouble on defense." When a teammate referred to him as the "King," Larouche eagerly embraced the nickname with an Ali-like flourish.

If teammates and sportswriters indulged all this—and they did so to the point of overprotectiveness—one reason was Larouche's considerable charm. His rich contract enabled him to play the role

of big spender, and this included impulsively lavishing \$125 skates on the sons of friends. He signed autographs without complaint for two hours, and it was surely a fine gesture when he made a group of Penguin rookies feel welcome earlier this season by taking them all out to dinner. "Pierre loves people," says a friend, "and he wants them to love him, too. In fact, sometimes he tries a little too hard."

An insight into Larouche is offered by Ray Noonan, a bartender in the Jamestown Inn, who made the rounds with Larouche last Christmas Eve. "I think Pierre was nostalgic, spending Christmas alone away from that big family of his," Noonan says. He took Larouche home, where the Penguin center "acted like a little kid." Larouche and Noonan's 13-year-old son Butch wound up tossing a football around in the street at 3 a.m. Unfortunately, they attracted the police, and explanations were necessary.

"We just got this ball for Christmas," Larouche said. "We were trying it out." The cops shrugged and left. In the darkness they had neglected to notice the shoestring laces and worn spots on the 5-year-old ball.

With his growing stature in the NHL, however, Larouche's quickness with words has lately caused problems. In the Penguin locker room not long ago Larouche, who fancies himself a comedian, suddenly announced that he intended to quit hockey and start dealing in drugs. A reporter was in the room, and the remark found its way into the papers. Larouche is still furious about it. "The mothers of 16- and 17-year-olds see that stuff, and it is not good for my image," he says. "I didn't even know that guy was standing in the room."

Another consequence of stardom is that defenses now descend on Larouche whenever he skates near the puck. Larouche had nine points in the Penguins' first eight games, but he complained. "They're not giving me room to do anything." In his frustration he sniped not only at referees but also at his coach and teammates. "Little things sometimes bother me," he admits. "I should not be that way but I've got a quick temper."

What made matters worse for Larouche was the failure of the Penguins to show any defensive improvement over last season when, taking their cue from Larouche, they scored freely but did their

continued

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checking only at the bank. In the early games Larouche played strictly at one end of the ice, as usual, and was repeatedly caught up ice while the opposition was peppering the Penguin goaltenders with shots. Compounding Pittsburgh's problems, No. 1 Goaltender Denis Herron broke his left arm in the first period of the first game, and has not played since. Without dependable goaltending to cover up their defensive blunders, the Penguins yielded an embarrassing 19 goals in two losses to Montreal and staggered to a 2-6-3 start, which left Larouche's mates far less inclined to tolerate his peccadilloes. When he failed to work up a sweat at practice one morning, Schinkel, ordinarily the most easygoing of coaches, angrily sent him home. On the team bus in Philadelphia last month following a 3-0 loss to the Flyers, Larouche said to nobody in particular, "I think I'll go to Europe." A teammate muttered, "We'll take up a collection to send you." Indeed, the Penguins' affections for Larouche had curdled to the extent that some of the players were referring to the King as "Daisy Queen."

The situation came to a head after the Penguins' best showing of the season, a 7-1 win over Los Angeles three weeks ago in the Civic Arena. Larouche contributed a goal and two assists but griped throughout that he was not getting enough playing time. When Schinkel put him into the game after one spell on the bench he snapped at the coach, "It's about time."

The next morning Larouche was 45 minutes late for practice, and the Pittsburgh brass announced that it was sending him to the Hershey (Pa.) Bears, the club's farm team. It turned out that Larouche's contract gives him the right to veto such a demotion, and when he did just that he was suspended without pay. "A kid like that has to realize he's not bigger than the team," said Bristen. When somebody on a phone-in radio program in Pittsburgh criticized him for missing practice, Larouche called up and protested, lamely, "I didn't miss it—I was just late."

Larouche's suspension lasted five days, during which the Penguins took to the road and beat Colorado 4-1 and tied Cleveland 2-2. Larouche promised the Penguin management that he would mend his errant ways, and he was reinstated. He also apologized to Schinkel and the players for his behavior. And

when the Penguins left for Minnesota last week, it was a repentant Larouche who accompanied them.

"I was late for practice because I was oversleeping," Larouche said during the flight. "Maybe the bell rang on the alarm, but I didn't hear it. The suspension gave me a good time to think about things. I realized I was thinking too much about me and not enough about the rest of the guys. I was nervous and tight and not playing too good, but I was wrong to complain so much. A lot of kids my age would like to be in my spot. I know I have to change my attitude."

Larouche went scoreless in Pittsburgh's 3-2 loss to Minnesota, but he skated well and he just missed tying the game in the third period when one of his shots hit a goalpost. Back in Pittsburgh Saturday night, Larouche scored the game's only goal as the Penguins, suddenly a defense-minded bunch, beat the Philadelphia Flyers 1-0. Pittsburgh had not put the puck past Flyer Goaltender Bernie Parent in 262 minutes—more than four games—when Larouche broke in alone with slightly more than seven minutes to play, faked Parent out of position and scored.

Well, could this really be a new Pierre Larouche? The matter was discreetly probed by Penguin Captain Ron Schock, a solid-citizen type who during the suspension had been quoted—inaccurately, he later insisted—as saying that Larouche should grow up. Now he was saying, "Pierre is never going to change—and he shouldn't. He's cocky and a free spirit, and every team can use somebody like that. But he also wants to be one of the guys, and I think he's going to contain himself a little more now."

At least for the moment, Larouche seems to be doing just that. He was on time last week for every bus and plane, and during the games, between shifts, he cheered on his teammates with unaccustomed gusto. In Minnesota, Larouche even threw what looked suspiciously like a body check on tough Star rookie Glenn Sharpley, and during one practice session he was properly respectful when Schinkel, catching him taking a breather on the sidelines, hollered, "Hey, what are you waiting for?" Larouche returned promptly to the ice, pausing only to pant, "I'm having trouble getting my wind back after the layoff."

And now let's go back to Hollywood Squares.

END

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Beaten by the big drums

IF GUIDE BOB PRESTON SAYS THAT CHANNEL BASS ARE IN THE SURF OFF NORTH CAROLINA'S OUTER BANKS YOU HAD BETTER BELIEVE IT—EVEN IF YOU GET ZELCH

Robert Baldwin Preston, 66, knelt on the beach at North Carolina's Hatteras Island one night last week, squinting at the ocean. "Put your bait there," he said, pointing to an area of relative calm inshore from where the breakers boomed in the dark. "Right there, where the current sweeps around the sandbar into the slough. That's where he'll be, a big channel bass." He said it with such conviction that when the bass did not immediately devour his bait the fisherman cursed the fish's picky nature, not Preston. It was out there, all right. He knew

that. Hadn't Bob Preston told him so?

There was more than one way to not catch a channel bass, also known as red drum or redbait, in the surf on the Outer Banks. You could trudge along the beach, stopping now and then to cast a piece of mullet. The fisherman had done that many times. One spot was as unproductive as another. Or you could invest \$100 a day to hire Bob Preston and his beach car, or someone like him, men who call themselves surf-fishing guides.

The surf fisherman has no boat to go where the fish are. He has no captive audience, like the trout fisherman. He has only his patience, his faith in the habits of fish, fickle though they are, and his knowledge, and the latter is often only theoretical. Surf-fishing guide? To what? Futility?

A case in point: at the annual Hatteras surf-fishing tournament, held two weeks ago at the height of the channel bass season, 400 of the East Coast's best

surf fishermen fished 25 miles of beach, which is roughly one angler every 100 yards. They fished six hours a day for two days. They caught a lot of very small fish, mostly one- or two-pound bluefish and a few puppy drum, the term for channel bass under 10 pounds. But they did not catch even one big bass.

Bob Preston was among the unimpressed. He claims to have caught 3,000 channel bass in his lifetime, roughly 55 per year since he beached his first at the age of 11. There are those on the Outer Banks who attribute the figure 3,000—and a lot of other things Preston says—to the occasional drink he takes. But they do acknowledge his expertise; he knows what lies beneath the waves, he knows the hidden currents and where the sandbars rise and fall away. No one knows where the channel bass should be better than Bob Preston. And everyone who knows him acknowledges that he has a powerful imagination. All dedicated surf fishermen do. It is an occupational disease.

One day at 7 a.m. early this month Preston left his Outer Banks town of Nags Head (year-round pop. 400) and drove his Toyota Land Cruiser 20 miles south on Route 12, Pamlico Sound to his right, the Atlantic to his left. He crossed the bridge at Oregon Inlet to Hat-



PRESTON KNOWS EVERY SLOUGH AND SANDBAR FROM NAGS HEAD TO HATTERAS INLET



terras Island, where he jounced through the dunes and sea oats to the beach. Away from civilization he removed his false teeth, which, he said, have bothered him for 15 years, or since a rare form of bone cancer necessitated the implanting of an artificial jaw. "My doctors tell me I've lived longer with this ailment than anyone else," he seemed pleased to say. "I'm too tough to die, and too ugly."

His client searched for a trace of the ugliness, or the operation, and finding neither asked about the channel bass caught the previous night from the end of Avon pier. Preston took it as a hint, screwed up his face, and said, "I wouldn't be caught dead fishing from a pier." The fisherman understood. He had fought an occasional big fish in the surf—striped bass and blues, if not channel bass, and for him, too, there was no other way. He dreamed of surf fishing, of how the waves crashed down around his hips, of the long rod, bowed and pounding, and the pull of a strong fish in turbulent water. He said, "I'd rather catch one good fish in the surf than a dozen from a boat." He did not add that 1-to-12 was about the ratio of his catches to those of his boating friends. Driving down the beach, Preston grinned toothlessly. They were soul mates. Or were they?

Preston stopped, gestured seaward and said, "Now that, my friend, is a lovely slough, really pretty, just gorgeous." Fifty yards out, waves were breaking on a submerged sandbar. Up and down the beach, and sandwiched between the bar and the shore was quiet, deeper water—the slough. Bassfish could be trapped there, Preston said, and big fish would follow. But 20 minutes of fishing cut mullet produced no strikes, which did not seem to bother Preston, who said, "I think finding the slough's as big a thrill as catching the fish." Preston's client, much less a connoisseur of sloughs than of their supposed inhabitants, gestured impatiently to drive on.

While Preston cooed over another slough just above the town of Rodanthe, his client shot his bait to the inside edge of the bar, and waited, but not for long. A sharp, hard rap yanked his rod tip down. "Bluefish," Preston said. The fisherman had thought so—a channel bass would be more subtle—but he was the one who had felt the strike. Could Preston

continued



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ton be that good? The fish dashed seaward, surging for the bar and the deep water beyond, but the heavy tackle snubbed it short, and 10 minutes later, as Preston had predicted, a 15-pound bluefish lay on the sand. Preston seemed less than thrilled, and he said, "I wouldn't care if the damned blues disappeared and never came back."

It was Dec. 6, 1965, he recalled, when the giant blues had hit the Outer Banks for the first time in 30 years, returning each year since to slash at anything that moves, as bluefish do, and to decimate the stocks of Preston's favorite fish, the speckled trout or weakfish. On Dec. 7, 1965, he said, on seven miles of beach he had counted more than 1,200 trout that had either been mutilated by blues or had rushed ashore in terror to escape them. But he also recalled a good day a year earlier. It was so foggy that morning on the beach at Hatteras that he could see neither the surf nor the dunes. Every 100 yards or so he jumped

from the car and lay on his belly, his cheek on the sand, listening, until he heard the far-off roar of waves on a sandbar, the sound of a good slough. He did not stop casting for 6½ hours that morning, and he caught 87 speckled trout from 2½ to six pounds on light tackle. Unlike those barbarians the bluefish they were fish that required technique, a light touch at the strike—a gentleman's fish, Bob Preston's kind of fish.

Only a man of refined tastes would love speckled trout and huge bluefish, and as the days passed on the beach Bob Preston's client learned how he got that way. His "daddy," dead now 32 years, was the scion of an old Virginia family, who taught his son to be a man—never to cuss in front of a bird dog and always to laugh when he lost a big fish. There was real money there, huge landholdings granted by King Charles II, a summer home in Nags Head before World War I, fishing and hunting guides held on retainer the year round, and a 47-foot boat

When they wanted to fish off Cabo Blanco, Peru, they put the boat on a freighter and shipped it down.

In 1927 young Robert got his degree in civil engineering from VPI, he spent the next 20 years with the Corps of Engineers. In the Battle of the Bulge he won a Purple Heart, and in 1947 he retired with a disability pension. He became a consulting engineer and drove himself hard, and a year later he had a heart attack. He had never stopped fishing at Nags Head, and hunting ducks, and that was therapeutic. Then he acquired a steel-fabricating business, and, he intimates, became a millionaire. There were labor problems, though, and fights with the board of directors, and Preston has the soul of a man who loves speckled trout and hates bluefish.

In 1956 he lost his fortune overnight, he says, and had another heart attack. So he took his wife Elnora and their three young children and moved back 35 years, to Nags Head, scene of his happiest days.

Unfortunately, you only have room



But fortunately, one kind of Panasonic car stereo can give you several kinds of enjoyment. Because while they all play beautiful FM/AM/FM stereo, they play other things. Like CB, 8-track, Or cassettes. Even four-channel.

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CC-442, Stereo cassette player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. If you're into cassettes at home, take them along for the ride. This system is so compact, it fits in just about any car. But it has big system features. Like fast forward. A tape ejector switch that turns on the radio automatically. And circuitry that automatically improves FM reception. And more.

They knew him in Nags Head. He was magic on the beach. In 1957, at the urging of local hotelkeepers, he became the first full-time surf-fishing guide on the Outer Banks. But a lot of damage has been done to him. In 1958 and 1966 he had two more heart attacks, and in 1972 a fifth one left him clinically dead. Now he carries nitroglycerin tablets in the Toyota, perhaps to compensate for chain smoking. There is no day that he is not in pain from his war wounds. But he seldom mentions it, though an occasional beer or three relaxes the tightness around his eyes. He spends 20% of his time on crutches, but none of his clients has ever seen them. He says, without further comment, "You never know how much effort a man puts out to make a good appearance."

Now Bob Preston stood by his Toyota on the beach, gazing at "the prettiest little slough I've seen in weeks," as he put it, "a puppy drum slough." And as if that were not enough bliss for one

man, it had what he called an outsock, an opening in the bar where a current swept from the beach out to sea. He said, "A puppy drum slough with an outsock! Oh, man!" He tied on shrimp-tail lures, for himself and his client, and said, "Let it swing around with the current. There should be puppies all through here." He began to bounce his lure along the bottom. When he felt a tug, he lifted his rod tip and yelled, "Puppy drum!" That is what it was—2½ pounds. But other fish were striking short, nudging the lures and turning away. "Trout," Preston said. "Can't you feel them?" He walked up and down the shore—casting, striking and coming up with nothing, grinning and chuckling all the while. "I get paid for this?" he asked.

"You also get paid for finding channel bass," he was kidded.

The search began anew. At Cape Hatteras Point there were 50 casters in one 100-yard stretch. Mullet baits shot out like golf balls at a driving range. There

was so much bait in the water that there had to be fish there. There was one, a channel bass that weighed 47 pounds (the all-tackle world record is 90 pounds, and was caught off Rodanthe in November of 1973 by Elvin Hooper). Preston acted calm, as if he had seen a few—or 3,000—before. "We'll try for yours tonight," he said, as the crowd at the point doubled in size.

It was 9 p.m. and very dark at the northeast corner of Oregon Inlet, a classic spot for channel bass. "The tide is sweeping out of the inlet," Preston said, "and as long as it does he'll be moving down with it, feeding as he goes. Just wade to your waist and cast as far as you can."

Two hours passed with no action and finally the tide turned and Preston's client came ashore. It was his last night of fishing. "Fussy fish, those channel bass," he said.

"Isn't this a hell of a way for a man to make a living?" Preston said. **END**

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THE FREE-AGENT LOTTERY IS ON, AND NO. 1 SIGNED BILL CAMPBELL PROVED THE PLAYERS HOLD WINNING NUMBERS



Cashing in their tickets

Million-dollar sweepstakes are all the rage these days among state governments, so it is not so surprising that the rulers of baseball now have a high-priced lottery of their own. The first drawing in the great baseball sweepstakes appropriately took place on Nov. 4 in New York's Plaza Hotel—where a draft beer costs \$1.95—and within 48 hours there was a million-dollar winner. Right-handed Relief Pitcher Bill Campbell, who last season was paid \$22,000 by the Twins, signed a contract with Boston that during the next five years will put \$1,075,000 in his kick. "This is the beginning of the new era," said Campbell's agent, LaRue Harcourt, an economics professor at Cerritos (Calif.) JC.

Campbell's windfall came 11 months after Arbitrator Peter Seitz, ruling in the Andy Messersmith case, overturned baseball's reserve system, forcing the owners into an open-market situation. Thus, between wails about the ruling, the owners had to devise a way to apportion the negotiation rights to players who had played out their options. Twenty-one

major-leaguers and three minor-leaguers fell into that category for this year's draft. Under the formula worked out by the owners and the Players Association, the negotiation rights to a free agent could be selected by 12 teams. The drafting dozen—plus the player's former club—could then bid to sign him.

The first player chosen 12 times was not a Reggie Jackson or a Bobby Grich, but Catcher Gene Tenace, late of the A's. That was because Tenace is considered "vagnable," the owners' term for a player who commands a lower price than some of the bigger names. Nonetheless, Tenace stands to get at least three times the \$41,000 he earned in 1976.

Campbell, whose salary rose almost 750%, is the only one to sign to date, but Third Baseman Sal Bando, also formerly of the A's, was reported leaning to Milwaukee last week, and Third Baseman Richie Hebner had supposedly booted his options down to returning to Pittsburgh or moving to Baltimore.

The other signings are expected to take longer. In a rented conference room in

Providence, R.I., agent Jerry Kapstein—whose 10 free-agent clients include Tenace, Second Baseman Grich (ex-Baltimore), Outfielder Joe Rudi (Oakland), Pitcher Don Gullett (Cincinnati) and Reliever Rollie Fingers (Oakland)—is sifting through sealed bids. Meanwhile, Jackson (Baltimore), who expects to sign for about \$3 million, was getting enthusiastic responses from the Expos, Dodgers and others. When all the haggling is over, seven or eight players will join Campbell in the millionaire category. Another six or seven should become \$100,000-a-year men of means.

Campbell becoming a millionaire, Grich turning down an \$800,000 offer from Baltimore to become a free agent and Jackson talking \$3 million are indications enough that management is reacting to the free market just as the players hoped it would. "I thought the owners were smarter than this," grouched Oriole Pitcher Jim Palmer. "I thought they'd show more restraint."

The Campbell story is evidence that players now can become very rich—even without trying hard. It began in spring training, when he asked for a raise to \$30,000. Twins President Calvin Griffith said no. "I was willing to sign for that right into May," says Campbell. "Then I decided to take my chances and play out my option." It turned out to be an astute gamble. After two seasons of contrasting performances—in 1974 he had 19 saves and eight wins, but the next year he dropped to 4-6 with five saves—the 28-year-old Campbell was the best reliever in the majors in 1976. He had a 17-3 record and 20 saves in 78 games.

Because lottery rules forbade teams from talking to the free agents about money before the selections were made, pre-draft discussions centered on the players' willingness to work in certain cities. "Teams would call up and ask if I'd talk," says Campbell. "But St. Louis flew me there and took me to Mr. Busch's mansion. They asked me if I would give them the first shot if they drafted me first, and since they seemed more interested than anyone, I flew to the draft resigned to playing with the Cardinals. I also flew there thinking that somehow the owners would get together and say, 'O.K., this

continued

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The Cool Colo Spike

1 oz. Coronet Brandy
over ice
Fill with cola.

The Soft Cider Spike

4 oz. Cider (Apple Juice)
over ice
1 oz. Coronet Brandy

The Iceberg Spike

Coronet Brandy over ice.

The Hot Java Spike

1 cup Hot Coffee
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Sweeten to
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has gone too far, we need a ceiling," and that what we were talking about was a lot more than what I'd get."

Soon after the draft was finished at 12:30 p.m., he knew otherwise. Harcourt met with St. Louis, then at three o'clock sat down with Red Sox Assistant General Manager John Claiborne. Two and a half hours later, Campbell was almost certain he was headed for Boston. "Claiborne and I exchanged some figures and found we were in the same ball park," says Harcourt. "We met again that night and, except for a few details, had a deal."

The contract calls for \$250,000 as a signing bonus, then \$165,000 a season. "I think we may have gotten a steal," says Claiborne. "If he had wanted to get into a bidding war—Bill only talked seriously with two teams—he might have been able to get a lot more."

But waiting around for more money made no sense to Campbell. "Look, this business seems insane to me," he says. "No player is really worth what they're paying me, but if they want to, then fine. Maybe I could have gotten more if I'd waited, but at the end of the season my wife and I wrote down our preferences. Both of us chose Boston first. Besides, what would I do with more money? I can't conceive of the difference between \$150,000 and \$200,000. I didn't want any bidding war. I just wanted to go home, have a couple of beers and relax."

"If you're talking about contracts a year ago, then this all is crazy," says Claiborne, who this summer worked out the contracts that persuaded Kapstein clients Fred Lynn, Carlton Fisk and Rick Burleson to stay with the Red Sox. "But we're dealing in an entirely different market. In the perspective of the future salary structure, Campbell's contract isn't inflationary at all."

Claiborne points to players all around the big leagues who recently have signed multi-year contracts: Philadelphia's Gary Maddox, St. Louis' Al Hrabosky and Ted Simmons, Kansas City's John Mayberry, whose \$1 million deal was a bar-burger for Campbell. But the new salary levels are most evident on Campbell's new team. In 1976, the Red Sox had the highest payroll in baseball history, with salaries averaging more than \$85,000 per man. Next season the average will be more than \$100,000. Second Baseman Denny Doyle, a refugee two years ago from the waiver wire, will get \$100,000 in 1977. In August, Lynn signed a five-

year, \$1,615,000 contract, including a signing bonus of \$875,000.

Claiborne now has 18 Boston players signed to multi-year contracts. "People have criticized us, but I think we saw what was coming ahead of some other teams," he says. "You may see three times as many players available in the draft next year, but the quality will be less. Each team now will try to sign up its good players for a long time."

Even the cautious Twins are doing that; last week they gave 20-year-old

THE GREAT BASEBALL SWEEPSTAKES

A tipsheet on teams that are almost certain to sign free agents, teams that would like to get new players but may have trouble doing it, and teams that aren't really trying at all:

SURE TO SIGN SOMEONE	WOULD LIKE TO, BUT...	DON'T CARE
Angels	Cardinals	Astros
Braves	Indians	Cubs
Brewers	Orioles	Mets
Dodgers	Pirates	Reds
Expos	Rangers	Twins
Giants	Royals	
Padres	Tigers	
Phillies		
Red Sox		
White Sox		
Yankees		

"As usual, Charlie Finley of the Oakland A's is in a category by himself. First he says he will, and then, he won't. Perhaps the deciding factor is how much money—if any—he realizes from his lawsuit against Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for disallowing Finley's sale last summer of A's players Vida Blue, Rolfe Fingers and Joe Rudi.

Catcher Butch Wynegar a two-year deal worth about \$85,000. But Minnesota isn't seriously engaged in the free-agent lottery, and neither are several other teams with conservative owners, despite some face-saving statements that they are hoping to sign a new player or two. In fact, amid all the hue and cry about the horrors of the draft, only the World Champion Reds—who can most afford to stand pat—refused to participate in it. Ironically, some of the new system's most vociferous opponents, notably the Cardi-

nals, are now among the most avid pursuers of free agents. Along with several other teams, the Cards fall in a particularly frustrating category of clubs that would like to sign one of the available stars but, because of lack of funds, less-than-choice locations or other factors, probably will be unable to do so.

The draft is already causing problems with stars who are still bound to their teams by old contracts. In Boston, Carl Yastrzemski and Luis Tiant are trying to renegotiate. San Diego's Cy Young Award winner Randy Jones says that if the Padres sign one or two of the high-priced free agents, they will have to pay him more. The average big-league salary in 1969 was less than \$25,000. In 1976, it was around \$50,000. In 1977? "I shudder to think," says Twins Vice-President Clark Griffith.

Fans will be the first to pay. Ticket prices in Boston were raised \$50 last week. The Orioles had announced a similar increase a few days earlier. Cuts in farm and scouting systems and roster size will continue, and veterans earning more than \$50,000 will see their careers dramatically shortened. "But there's a limit to how much you can cut," says Claiborne. In other words, there are franchises that may not be around in 1980.

"Four or five teams are spending themselves right out of baseball in a hurry," says Calvin Griffith, mentioning Atlanta and Cleveland for two. But the question remains: What happens in a place like Minnesota when the fans realize their team has no real hope of ever winning a pennant because it cannot afford to buy (or hold on to) the Campbells and Gracys? Will they give up? "You hear a lot of baseball people say, 'Well, we'll be better with 16 teams,' and resign themselves to it," says Clark Griffith. "It's tough when you're not one of the 16. It's also tough when you're one of the 200 or 300 players who'll be out of work."

The attrition might not be that severe—or it may not happen at all. Exactly what effect the baseball lottery will have on the game probably will not be fully evident for about five years. But two things are already clearly discernible: that Players Association Director Marvin Miller was right when he said years ago that the reserve system existed "to protect the owners from themselves," and that Campbell, the first of the instant millionaires, will not be the last big winner in the sweepstakes.



BREEDER RICHARD PATTERSON AND GUIDE STEVE VANSICKLE TAKE PANCHITO VILLA AND LESTER ON AN OREGON RIVER HIKE

What a lovely beast is a llama

IT IS ALSO CLEAN, ODOR-FREE, GENTLE WITH CHILDREN, ADAPTABLE TO ANY CLIMATE OR ALTITUDE, SURE-FOOTED, AND FAST GAINING A REPUTATION IN THE U.S. AS AN IDEAL PACK ANIMAL AND HIKING COMPANION

Looking across the pastures to the south and west you see the great snowy peaks known as the Three Sisters. Early Oregon settlers named them Faith, Hope and Charity, but they are now less idealistically called North Sister (10,094 feet), Middle Sister (10,054) and South Sister (10,354). Behind a sturdy pole fence in one of the pastures is a herd of llamas. They go together pretty well, those tranquil mountains and these stately, long-necked animals. The first glimpse of them together is unforgettable.

Llamas are among the world's best pack animals. The trails in the Three Sisters wilderness area and nearby wilderness areas are among the finest in Oregon, or about as good as you can find anywhere. The combination is irresistible, when you look at the llamas you automatically think about hiking over those forest paths with a llama to carry your pack.

The pastures are on the Richard and Kay Patterson ranch just outside the town of Sisters in the Cascade Range of central Oregon, about 150 miles southeast of Portland. The Three Sisters area at the base of the three peaks lies west of town, and it contains 240 miles of mountain trails leading to lakes, meadows, waterfalls and campsites. To the south of the Three Sisters area is Crater Lake National Park, with more trails into more remote country, and to the north the Mt. Washington wilderness impinges on the Mt. Jefferson wilderness. This is probably more scenery than is really necessary, a long, narrow strip of magnificent mountain country, uninhabited and roadless, approachable only on foot or by pack animal. It is a parklike region, and while the mountains are not as high or as steep as the northern Cascades or the Rockies, they seem to rise straight up from the flatland.

"We love llamas," says Richard Pat-

terson, indicating 350 of them scattered over the pastures. "We'd like to build up to 500 or 600 llamas. We currently have about 200 babies a year, all born between six in the morning and four in the afternoon. We are making genetic studies and are already beginning to improve the breed, but we want to do more research in this direction."

Patterson began working with animals at 15, when his father, a machine-tool manufacturer, and he started raising Arabian horses in Ohio. He acquired a bachelor of science degree in biology from Denison University, and a masters in business administration from the University of Akron, then put in nine years in the machine-tool business before he was able to devote himself to both horses and llamas.

Actually, he first devoted himself to the guanaco, an ill-tempered relative of the llama, which itself is a relative of the camel and a native of Peru. Patterson

continued

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soon switched to the more tractable llama. When he moved to Oregon in 1972 he had about two dozen. He now has the largest herd in the U.S. And while the principal business of the ranch is raising Arabians, the sight of all those llamas gives rise to a lot of questions. Patterson answers them with the zeal of a missionary. He is a tall, hearty individual who delivers a steady flow of llama information as he opens and closes gates or opens bales of hay. "I never lie to my llamas," he says. "I never call them unless I have something for them. And I talk in one tone of voice, and I always bring them hay, and they always know what to do."

He leans over the gate and yells, "Llamas, llamas! Come on, llamas!" Then he adds, "Come on, girls!" explaining that this group consists entirely of females. About a quarter of a mile away,

a few animals gradually bunch together at an intersection of two pastures, as though holding a meeting or waiting for everybody to catch up. Then they take off toward Patterson, running fast along a fence beneath a screen of pines. They stay so closely together they suggest a distant view of a bunched horse race. When they reach the main gate most of the llamas stop a few feet away, while half a dozen approach Patterson and his visitor. Approach is not the right word. A llama you have never seen before will walk right up to you and push its nose against your cheek, looking you right in the eye. It might be an endearing gesture, except that llamas have a haughty, disdainful expression, and as they step back, with their long necks extended and their heads in the air, they call to mind Margaret Dumont affronted by some gross impro-

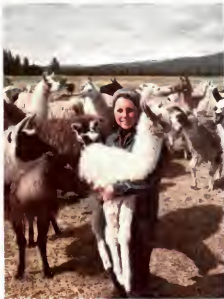
priety in a Marx Brothers comedy. And when a llama rises unexpectedly from deep grass and stares at you fixedly, he suggests nothing so much as the Loch Ness Monster.

Found originally in the highlands near Lake Titicaca, the llama (*Lama glama*) is closely related to the vicuña, guanaco and alpaca, though bigger. Llamas weigh 300 to 350 pounds on the average and stand about 3½ feet high at the back, but their heads extend two feet higher, and their long ears, which they can project forward or backward—and wiggle one at a time or in unison—make them seem taller than they are. They seem to think they are more majestic than they appear to be. Llamas have no upper teeth in front, and as they draw near, chewing their cud and looking superior, they have the sort of dignity and bearing you might attribute to an elder statesman who does not know he has lost his upper plate.

Llamas are nevertheless unequalled as packing companions in the wilderness. They can withstand heat, rain and cold and can work at all altitudes. Two summers ago a 23-year-old Oregon backpacker named Craig McKay set out with an untrained llama to walk the Oregon segment of the Canada-to-Mexico Pacific Crest Trail. It winds for 359 miles around the flanks and sometimes over the crests of mountains, with a labyrinth of side trails leading to rivers or lakes. The llama (called Fernando) carried supplies in deerhide packbags that McKay had made; McKay toled a knapsack with his camera, compass, maps, diary and warm clothing. They started north at a point west of Klamath Falls, where the trail crosses a highway. "It was late afternoon, and it looked like rain," McKay recollects, "so we got off the pickup and started up the trail in a hurry to make camp before the storm. Fernando was no trouble at all."

Through a gradual climb in a dry country of low wooded ridges, the trail led to Sky Lakes, jewel-like pools in a silent alpine forest, and into the Seven Lakes Basin, 7,600 acres of lakes and meadows, famous for its wild roses and huckleberries. One branch of the trail climbs to 7,582 feet. "We could make 10 miles a day if we wanted to," McKay says, "including a summit." But he

continued



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planned to spend two months covering most of the 359 miles, so they usually went slowly. Beyond Crater Lake, where the trail passes near the 2,000-foot-deep crater—about 50 miles on their way—McKay picked up speed. The volcano that produced Crater Lake also created the Pumice Desert, with cracked brown soil, no grass, no running streams and only occasional shade where lodgepole pines poke through the rock. The August days were so hot that McKay decided to cross it at night. "We started at sunset, when the sky was still light," he says, "and we kept going all night. There was just enough light to see by, and there was a meteor shower. By morning we were in green country again. Fernando went right through without stopping. But I don't think he would have done it by daylight."

Part of the surefootedness of llamas comes from the fact that they have split hooves and small, pointed feet. The feet are lifted rather high, almost in a prancing step. Llamas pace rather than trot; that is, they move the front foot and hind foot on each side in unison. On a mountain trail the result is remarkably smooth progress, for the hind foot seems to come down exactly on the spot where the front foot had been just an instant before. McKay became interested in llamas as pack animals partly because of their feet. "They do not need shoes as a mule or a horse does," he says, "and one bale of second-cutting alfalfa hay will last one llama from 10 to 14 days."

His llama had never had a pack on its back when McKay bought it. He trained it by giving it a short daily walk, with a blanket and saddlebags, in the streets around his sister's house in Klamath Falls.

When Dick Patterson set out on a short pack trip along Squaw Creek last June, he also used a llama that had never packed before, pairing it, however, with an older and less excitable animal. Llamas like the woods. Coming out of the valley into the heights, with the scent of pine and sage in the air, oxygen-laden and delicious, they stopped and poised on the edge of a low cliff with evident approval. On the trail they plodded along steadily, a steady rhythm to their steps, heads high, ears erect, looking around with interest. At an opening in the woods,

where one of the mountains stood out in sharp silvery outline against the blue sky, they looked up at it steadily. Where Squaw Creek poured out of the mountains in a series of chutes and falls, with a roar that made orders indistinguishable, they paced along a thin shelf with casual, untroubled footing and with a lightness that took away entirely the awkwardness they showed in the pastures. This is where they belong.

It may be that llamas should be extinct. An ice age destroyed many of their wild South American contemporaries. One theory is that llamas survived only because the primitive men of the mountains had already domesticated them. By the time the Spaniards conquered Peru there were no wild llamas left. But the Inca herds were enormous—all royal property—and segregated in flocks of the same sex, age and color. Llamas were used by the Incas in trains of 100 or more, each able to carry close to 100 pounds 20 miles a day at an elevation of 16,000 feet above sea level. The abundance of red corpuscles in their blood enables them to live at heights where the oxygen content of the air is low.

Llamas had a mysterious place in Inca religion. Innumerable golden llama figures were melted down by Spaniards. One of these, in Cuzco, weighed 58 pounds. When the lost city of Machu Picchu was discovered in 1911, a strange sacrificial table in the form of a llama was found in the ruins. According to reports of the Spaniards, llamas in Peru always faced the sun at sunset and always uttered loud groans when the sun went down, though nothing of the sort has been noted of the modern-day llamas in Oregon.

"In the whole appealing realm of animal infants there is nothing cuter, more capricious or more lovable," wrote a llama expert named W. H. Hodge in 1946, in one of the few studies of the animal in English. Hodge attributed the gentleness and good nature of llamas to their early training—young children watch the herds in their early years, and the Peruvian Indians never carry a stick or whip, directing the animals with a soft whistle, or by talking in a low voice, with "an understanding which exhibits the essence of gentleness."

continued

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"Llamas are very good-natured," Dick Patterson says. "One time we had 10 schoolteachers bring their classes here, grade school and kindergarten. There were 120 kids. There were almost as many kids as there were llamas in the pasture. They were running around and screaming, as kids will do. The teachers started after them. I said, 'Teachers, stay here with me. We scare the llamas, but the children don't.' We watched them. There was a wild llama in there that had never been broken or been around people, and the kids were petting it. We couldn't do that, but they could."

"After work Kay and I will sit down in the pasture and split a glass of beer with the llamas crawling all around us," Patterson says. "I've even fallen asleep in the middle of them. I envy that young fellow who took his llama over the Pacific Crest Trail. At night he could just lie down beside his llama and keep warm. You can't do that with a horse or a pack mule."

"Do llamas spit?" a visitor asks. "What about that old story?"

"They'll spit at each other to get a better place at the hayrack. They want a better place to eat. But they don't spit at me. The other day, though, some people were here buying llamas. I had some hay in my hand, holding it between two llamas. Somebody asked me, 'Do llamas spit?' 'No,' I said. Just then one llama spit at the other llama and I got it right in the face. I felt like a fool! I had a bit of a hard time explaining it wasn't intended for me."

The total llama population of the U.S. is around 2,000, almost a third of them in zoos. Their importation has been prohibited for more than 40 years, following the foot-and-mouth disease epidemic in the 1920s. The Pattersons have orders for all the offspring their herd can produce for months ahead. Current prices range from \$500 for a baby male to \$1,500 for an adult female (though unpaired females are not sold). Patterson

says llamas are a terrific investment—they require little in the way of care, are cheap to feed, are extremely disease-resistant, and their wool sells for about \$24 a pound (sheep wool goes for 75 cents a pound). "Out of all the 4,000 species of mammals in the entire world that you might own," he asks, "which animal would you think gives you the greatest return on your investment?"

Patterson is not the sort of questioner who gives you a chance to reply. "The answer, of course, is white mice—for research. The second is the rhesus monkey, also for research. And the third is the llama. But who wants to raise white mice? And the rhesus monkey is a rough, dirty animal. But llamas, they're different... They're clean and they're odor-free. They're lovable. Being lovable is important. Everybody who sees them automatically loves them."

It's no wonder that Richard and Kay Patterson's llamas go around with their noses in the air.

END

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BY JOHN PAPANEX



Coach Vincent Gargano and aide Sy Rapp are underpaid but unbowed



Brooklyn invades the Bronx for a game against Manhattan College. Then comes the halftime. You expected maybe a plush locker room for the visiting team?

CONTINUED

It is early evening on Saturday, September 25, smack in the middle of Flatbush. Even on a weekend the traffic is heavy along Flatbush Avenue, but few of the honking, screaming motorists are conscious of the brightly lit patch of AstroTurf where Brooklyn College is about to engage St. John's, its archrival from Queens, in a football game. If the news that they play football at Brooklyn College is not stunning enough all by itself, consider this: last May the City University of New York, of which Brooklyn College is part, was unable to meet its payroll. Only an eleventh-hour, \$24 million bequest by the state legislature enabled the students to complete the spring semester. To reopen this fall, CUNY had to charge tuition for the first time since its founding as a free municipal college in 1847. And now the football team, the only football team at CUNY's 17 undergraduate campuses, is operating on a budget of \$8,500, which would not pay the recruiting phone bill at Ohio State. And yet it has a 7-1 record for the second straight year and won its division in the Met 8 Conference. Last year Brooklyn even played in a bowl game of sorts.

In the back corridor of Roosevelt Hall where the football coaches' office, training room and locker rooms are located, there is no indication of the hushed, tense

atmosphere that usually surrounds a team preparing for a big game. What there is, in fact, is chaos. Running dogs, assorted loiterers and clouds of cigarette smoke fill the narrow hallway, while students of both sexes wander around, screaming. Half-dressed football players are fighting with women field-hockey players for use of the only training room. In the coaches' office, hallowed ground before a game at Ann Arbor or Norman, a garage sale seems to be taking place. Coaches duck behind a wall of tony lockers to change clothes in privacy. The blackboard contains the standard top-secret Xs and Os of battle on one panel, a grocery list and a display of crude graffiti on another.

One player after another barges in through a door that never stays closed, confronting an assistant coach who seems to be on nursemaid duty.

"Coach! I can't get my locker open."

"See if you can find a hacksaw."

"Coach! I lost my mouthpiece."

"We don't have any more. Tear off a piece of underwear or something and stick it in your mouth."

"Coach! You ever hear of a scowflaw?"

"Yeah. It's when you don't pay your parking tickets."

"Oh, yeah. Well, I got \$700 worth."

"Coach, I can't play."

"Why not?"

"I got half my courses canceled. I

can't play football with eight credits."

"You'll have to get some more."

"Coach! There aren't any more."

"No more courses?"

"Nope."

Football is not new at Brooklyn College. The game has a long history there, most of it reading like something by Woody Allen. Novelist and Quarterback Irwin Shaw, class of '34, remembers, "The entire preseason practice of the first Brooklyn College team I played on was conducted on wrestling mats in the basement of a Body Beautiful. I believe we were the only team in the history of American football that, before its opening game, had never scrimmaged and never thrown a pass. We lost, 38-0, to Trenton State Teachers."

Another celebrated ex-Brooklyn player is Allie Sherman, the former coach of the New York Giants, who quarterbacked the Kingsmen—Brooklyn constitutes Kings County—to a 7-2 record in 1939, one of the team's three winning seasons in its first 29 years. (Trivia question: Who played center for Brooklyn when Allie Sherman was the quarterback? Answer: NBC's own Dr. Frank Field.) Sherman's successor, Herbert Wilner, recalls that his wartime team was made up of a "few beefy freshmen still too young for service and a bunch of



Gargano and his staff are obliged to take a pragmatic line. Player: I can't open my locker. Coach: Use a hacksaw.



An unusual training room rates a very unusual trainer: the Brooklyn get taped outdoors by student helper JoAnn DiGrazia.

4Fs." The part of practice they dreaded most was "groping with our hands along the ledge of the fence in the deepening twilight, feeling for our glasses."

By 1955, after 29 straight losses and a 62-131-14 record, college president Harry D. Gideonse called a halt. Few noticed, and no one was distressed.

But now there is a new team in a new Brooklyn. Thirty years ago the borough was a crazy quilt of ethnic groups living in communities called Canarsie, Bensonhurst, Bay Ridge, Greenpoint, Crown Heights. Each neighborhood was an entity unto itself: Jewish, Irish, Italian, WASP. They were drawn together by an outside world that always seemed to be laughing at them, at their beloved Dodgers and at that hilarious Brooklynese dialect, which Thomas Wolfe used so tellingly in *Only the Dead Know Brooklyn*: "Dere's no guy livin' dat knows Brooklyn 't'oo sn' 't'oo, because it'd take a guy a lifetime just to find his way aroun' duh goddam town. . . . An' even den, yuh wouldn't know it all."

The Dodgers, who packed up for Los Angeles in 1958, weren't the only ones to take it on the lam. Between 1950 and 1970 more than 750,000 people left Brooklyn. The white population decreased by 25%, while the non-white population increased 250%. By 1970, to accommodate increasing numbers of dis-

advantaged blacks and Hispanics, CUNY opened its colleges to all city high school graduates, regardless of their academic ratings. The freshman class at Brooklyn, which previously had strict entrance requirements, doubled in size from 2,500, but while many students grumbled at finding their classes being conducted in a rented bingo hall, others looked around and decided to get a football team going again.

"Out of 30,000 students, the only ones who stayed on campus longer than they had to were the ones plotting to overthrow the registrar's office or lock up the college president," says Steve Rosenblum, now a Brooklyn assistant football coach. "Nobody cared about anything. They couldn't get out of here fast enough." So, along with fellow students Alex Scamardella and Mike Hill, Rosenblum petitioned the student government to raise \$15,000 to start a football team. Soon they had 60 players—"We couldn't have beaten my high school team," says Rosenblum—uniforms, two volunteer coaches and one tackling dummy. One player came to games on his bicycle, another in his Cadillac. They once had all their clothes stolen from a locker room and another time found a skunk planted there. On bus trips they ate salami sandwiches prepared by a player's mother.

One year the coach-trainer, Bill Chis-

olm, who is still the school's trainer, offered to watch the games from the stands and let the team run itself. That's when the athletic department, which was beginning to take an interest in the team for the revenue it might someday produce, stepped in. It offered the coaching job to Vince Gargano, the very successful coach at Lincoln High School and a popular figure among Brooklyn team members who had played for and against him. It was not an easy choice for Gargano, a Bensonhurst native, but a successful college team in Brooklyn was something he wanted to see.

"Vinnie brought us credibility," says Rosenblum. "He also got good kids to come." And, above all, Gargano made the team into a winner, never caring that his original salary, \$3,200, was cut by \$3,200 in his second year, and now is a paltry \$1,500, little more than half of what he earned coaching at Lincoln (where he still makes his living by teaching phys ed). Gargano assembled the best players he could find from among the thousands of city high school graduates unable to get athletic scholarships elsewhere or afford to attend one of the small private colleges around the New York area, seven of which have club teams that play along with Brooklyn in the two-year-old Met 8 Conference. It is not surprising that the Brooklyn players take the

continued

games a bit more seriously than the others and usually win: this year 36-30 over New York Tech, 30-6 over Manhattan, 50-23 over Fairleigh Dickinson, 40-9 over Iona. What the Brooklyn players lack in size and talent, they make up for with determination, pride and Brooklyn grit, which Gargano does not have to drill into them. A jarring 90-minute bus ride—already in pads—through Brooklyn and Queens, across the Whitestone Bridge and into the affluent Westchester hills of Pleasantville to play Pace on a Saturday afternoon is enough to stir the players' blood. "These kids have always been losers," says Gargano. "No one has ever given them anything. I think winning football games is the only winning some of them will ever do."

So now they are 7-1 and, with Pace, co-leaders of the conference. A year ago Brooklyn's unlikely championship season culminated with an invitation to the first annual Coconut Bowl in San Juan, P.R. Shocked by the invitation, which came a week after Brooklyn had packed away its gear after beating Iona in its final game, Gargano phoned some of his players. Tackle Phil Katz thought the coach was going to accuse him of stealing equipment. When Gargano asked him if he wanted to play another game, he said, "Another game? Ah, jeez." When Gargano mentioned Puerto Rico, Katz' at-

titude changed—until he reported to practice and found that the coach's training regimen included workouts in the dusty 100' furnace room in the basement of Roosevelt Hall.

Once in San Juan, the Kingsmen made headlines by demolishing, in order, Inter-American University 50-12 and the Army barracks at Fort Buchanan, where they were billeted—\$151.94 worth.

The latter did not make the sort of headline Brooklyn College and CUNY crave. ARMY VS BROOKLYN COLLEGE FOOTBALL: A \$151.94 BILL reported *The New York Times*. The accompanying article included the text of a letter written by Colonel Josiah A. Wallace Jr., the post commander, that said the team had "destroyed" sheets, pillows and mattresses, burned clothing in an oven, "littered garbage throughout the area" and kept neighboring families awake with "a continuing stream of obscenities and profanity until after three o'clock in the morning." Dr. Charles Tobey, the Brooklyn athletic director, was quoted as saying the charges were "a tremendous exaggeration" and "blatantly untrue." The Brooklyn players not only admit that every word in the letter is true, but they relish the retelling of the entire crazed affair.

This season Brooklyn has one of the best teams in its history at one of the

worst of times. The nearly fatal financial collapse of last May, coupled with CUNY's undergraduate enrollment that has surged past 270,000, have forced every Brooklyn student to come up with \$482 (upperclassmen) or \$325 (underclassmen) per semester; and to reenroll for next year they must maintain a C average. The college has cut \$13 million from its budget, eliminated 360 teaching positions and 850 course sections. The physical education department, in which 50% of the football players take their major, was the hardest hit. Though Brooklyn still plays mostly club teams, this year is achieved varsity status. But there is no full-time publicity man, there are no secretaries, and no one to sweep the cigarette butts off the AstroTurf. The six assistant coaches, some of whom are kid-of teachers, split \$4,700.

For the players, finding courses in which to enroll to maintain their eligibility is only one of the problems. There are no scholarships; they receive no special tutoring; their training table is a corner at McDonald's; they must buy their own shoes (some can only afford sneakers), socks, jocks, towels, soap and things like forearm and elbow pads; they wash their own uniforms and take them home every night, because the locker room keeps getting broken into; they get around by bus or subway; they get no spending money. Almost all of them have jobs. They are janitors, mail sorters, bookkeepers, busboys and bouncers. One player, Donald Nissen, a starting guard, works as an auditor on Wall Street mid-night to eight five days a week, bounces on weekends, carries a full class load and never misses a practice. "That's animal," says a teammate. And none of the players understands why no one watches them play, especially since tickets are only \$3, \$2 for students. "What the hell else is going on in Brooklyn on a Friday night?" they ask. Even the Brooklyn College paper did not cover the team until this season. "That ain't surprising," says Defensive Tackle Joe Macchia, "because nobody knew there was a paper, either."

Because Gargano knows what it is like to be a Brooklyn kid—"It hasn't changed that much," he says—he is an easy-going coach who never loses his temper and allows his players every opportunity to relax. They practice three or four days a week and rarely hit. On Mondays, Gargano makes them promise

continued



Tackle Phil Katz (75) doubles as bouncer at the Jolly Bull Pub, where the team goes to unwind.

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to run on their own, and after watching game films they usually run down to the Jolly Bull Pub on Flatbush Avenue and Campus Road, where the "Pub Club" convenes. They are welcome there. Defensive Tackle Phil Katz is the bouncer two nights a week.

Regaling a bar full of puzzlers with stories of his life, Katz admits that he wasn't really recruited by Woody Hayes while playing at New Utrecht High School—"That was just for my publicity dossier"—and that he never really got his 6' 2" 240-pound frame to peel off a 99 hundred. He also denies being over 30. Katz spent his freshman year "drinking and sleeping" at Panhandle State College in Goodwell, Okla., but he's back in Brooklyn for good now, convinced that it's the rest of the world that's crazy. "Goodwell, jezz," he says. "You think they ever saw a Jew in Oklahoma?" First day at practice, the coach tells us he'll drive us all to church on Sundays. I says, "Coach, I got to go to shul on Saturdays." He says, "Wah, Phil, ah jef" don't know what we goin' do "boot that."

The bar erupts. "I had to get back home to good old Bensonhurst," Katz is playing to his audience now. "In Bensonhurst, all you wanna be is a gangster when you grow up. You got a Caddy? A pinkie ring? You'll make it in Bensonhurst. A lot of tough characters live deh in duh neighborhood."

Also in the Jolly Bull are two of the defensive backs, all of whom are called "the midgets" because they are. One is a flashy 5' 7" white-shoed black named Kelly Brown, whose high school coach used to hit his players. Brown grew up in racially troubled Brownsville and used to watch junkies shoot up while he was caring for his pigeons on the roof of his tenement building. The other is a 5' 7" Turk named Tom Zahraibun, 2 to his mates, a geology major who talks a blue streak and often wears his helmet backward—"for confusion," he says. (Z quit the team last month.) The fullback, 5' 8", 180-pound Ed Conroy, is an Irishman who set a beer-consumption record at last year's football dinner. The quarterback, Ray Shalhoub, is all that a college quarterback is supposed to be: bright, handsome, cool. And skinny: 6', 165 pounds. Shalhoub was too small to play for his high school team and learned football in a Prospect Park sandlot league, playing every other year. "I was a pygmy," he

continued

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BROOKLYN COLLEGE *continued*

says. "Every two years I'd go into a new age division, and I'd have to wait till the second year to be big enough."

Then there is Jerry Wright, a 6' 1", 200-pound halfback who is the one player probably good enough to play at most colleges in the country. As Katz is garrulous, Wright is silent. Born in Harlem, he moved to Charleston, S.C. with his three brothers and three sisters at age six when their mother died. Five years later, the boys returned to Crown Heights to live with an aunt. When Jerry was 15, their apartment house burned to the ground. They moved to a low-income neighborhood in the northeast Bronx, where Wright went out for football at Evander Childs High School and ran the 40 in 4.8 as a sophomore, the first time he was ever clocked. During his senior year he scored 13 touchdowns and got one serious offer, from Cheyney State. But Wright did not want to leave New York. He went to Brooklyn because it was free and there were no academic requirements. Last year, as a freshman, he gained 824 yards, averaged 11 yards per carry and scored 10 touchdowns, one for every seven carries. Against New York Tech this year he ran for 165 yards and two touchdowns, but an ankle sprain kept him out of most of the next four games. He came back for the Iona game and gained 117 yards. He rides three subway trains two hours each way, every day, to get to and from the college, leaving home at 6:30 a.m. and returning at 10 p.m. His idol is Tony Dorsett. Jerry would like to win a Heisman. Hardly anyone at Brooklyn has ever heard of him. He will probably not be able to meet Brooklyn's new academic requirement for next year.

The Brooklyn players are assembling in a large, modern classroom upstairs in Roosevelt Hall for a final chalk-talk before the St. John's game. Half a dozen are still down in the training room, waiting anxiously for the one available table to get their ankles taped. A student trainer, JoAnn DiGrazia, is doing her best, finishing off Joe Mucchia. He says thanks and walks gingerly into the hallway where, out of her sight, he rewraps both ankles. "So, sometimes your ankles turn a little blue," he says. "You don't want to say nothing."

Upstairs, Gargano is giving a remarkable pep talk. "Now, they're real big, and they want to beat you bad. But let me



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tell you, you can match them. You got to get that spirit that comes from a challenge. I had a friend who was a bomber pilot in the war, and he told me that the feeling he got diving in on a bombing run was the same feeling he got standing on the goal line waiting for the opening kickoff." Out of affection for Gargano the players held straight faces.

It is time to hit the field. Someone has to nudge Donald Nissen, the midnight-to-eighth. He has fallen asleep.

As the players burst onto AstroTurf Field—the \$1 million field, which Brooklyn College built in 1974 before the crunch, is actually named AstroTurf Field—someone yells. "This is big-time football!" There are no more than 500 people scattered through the stands. Miltie Schwartz, the part-time sports information director, points out that it is Rosh Hashanah. "That don't make no difference, Miltie," says Macchia. "Seventy-five percent of our crowds are our parents and friends and, anyway, we only got three Jewish players."

There is no band. Brooklyn's band has never played at a football game. A policeman sings *The Star-Spangled Banner* a cappella.

There are cheerleaders, impeccably uniformed and drill-team sharp. They all sound like Lavernes and Shirley: "Weah from Brooklyn. We couldn't be proud-ah..."

Brooklyn is playing without Wright and Shalhoub, both of whom injured ankles the previous week in the New York Tech game. Shalhoub is manning the phones up in the 20-foot-high scaffolding that serves as the press box.

Playing a sloppy first half with two inexperienced quarterbacks running the Veer, Brooklyn fumbles three times and gets called for two costly penalties. In one series, Gargano loses track of downs and calls for an inside plunge on third and eight. The half ends scoreless. To get back to their locker room, Brooklyn has to swing across the field to avoid a gang fight.

At the end of halftime, Gargano announces that Brooklyn will open its first series with "18 right, to the twins," a power option. An assistant argues that they've been running that play all night. He wants to pass. "They know we've been running 18," says Gargano, "so they won't expect us to use it first thing." A voice from the back of the room—at

continued

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sounds like Z—says, "Coach, I don't tank deah dat stu-put."

Brooklyn receives the kickoff and "18 right, to the twins" goes for minus three. Gargano is yelling into the phone for Shalhoub to give him St. John's defensive alignment. Shalhoub is talking to a girl in the stands.

Brooklyn mounts a drive, but Conroy fumbles on the three. St. John's players are taunting the Brooklyn. The cheerleaders chant, "Beat 'em! Bust 'em! Jump on deah heads!"

St. John's kicks a field goal and leads 3-0 in the fourth quarter. On a third and six, a Brooklyn receiver gets belted trying to catch a pass.

Cheerleaders: "Hey referee! Call whatcha see! Whatcha don't see don't call on me!"

Another Brooklyn drive gets down to the St. John's 18. This time Chris Le-gree runs a quarterback draw for a touchdown. He holds the ball in the face of his pursuer. The teams line up for the extra point, but Brooklyn has to call time

out to find its kicking tee. "I didn't even know we had a kicker," says the manager, Lester Staubitz kicks it true: 7-3.

Now the Brooklyn defense is fierce. Katz and Macchia sack the St. John's quarterback twice. Brooklyn regains the ball on downs and Conroy runs 33 yards for another touchdown. Brooklyn wins 13-3. "Just remember," yells Katz, "n never rains on the Jewish holidays."

After the game there is more revelry as the Pub Club swings back into action, making its way around Flatbush from Jolly Bull to Glenwood Rest to Grandma's, with byplay like the sound track from a Leo Gorcey movie.

Z (to Katz): Phil, they knocked you into Row 10 tonight. Meet anybody nice?

Katz: I love you, Z. You're great to push off on when I'm getting up off a pike.

Z: Yeah. Jeez. You hurt me that time. Katz: I know. When you were out I wanted to put a tape recording of your voice in my helmet so I'd know where I was.

Macchia: Z, I don't know why people think you're crazy, just because you talk to rocks.

Z: You laugh. But I'm going to do something scientifically famous someday.

There is a rumor that the team is going to be invited to tour Japan in January. "Ah, that's a lot a wind," says Katz. "Yeah," says Macchia. "That don't turn us on. We don't play football for play like that. Look, Puerto Rico was nice, but to tell you the truth, when the season's over I don't want to play no more football until next year." The others agree.

"We're not Notre Dame," says Z. "We play because we want to play. We don't want the pressure. You go to a big school, you're living your life to play football. How many guys make the pros? Out of a hundred, maybe 10? What do the others have? Nothing. They wind up doing some stupid thing. What? Go around saying they played football in college? That and 50 cents'll just about get you on the subway." **END**



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Yesterday

by BARNABY CONRAD

STRANGE CASE OF A FISHERMAN WHO PUT OUT HIS BAIT AND LANDED MURDER

When fishermen Albert and Charles Hobson went to Coojee Beach near Sydney, Australia on the morning of April 18, 1935 to check the baited line they had put out a mile off shore the night before, they found part of a small shark on the hook, but most of the fish was gone. Then they saw why—the small shark had been attacked by a 14-foot tiger shark that had become entangled in the line. The trapped fish was immense: men have crossed oceans in vessels shorter than it. Hobson and his brother secured the thrashing tiger shark with ropes and towed it to the beach. Because the fish was very much alive, the Hobsons decided to transport it by truck to the Coojee Aquarium. That turned out to be a fateful decision, because the shark's presence in the aquarium would open a bizarre murder case that involved interpretation of a law enacted thousands of miles away almost 700 years before.

The next day crowds of excited people flocked to see the monster as it lazied around its tank, wolfing down chunks of mackerel. For almost a week the shark seemed to have adapted perfectly to captivity. Then on the seventh day the fish suddenly became ill, performed several erratic maneuvers and threw up. Among the unlovely contents of the shark's stomach, the spectators saw one bird, two rats—and an entire human arm.

The arm was muscular, had a six-inch rope tied around its wrist and sported on its forearm a tattoo of two boxers squaring off. The sick shark was killed and its stomach examined, but there were no more human remains.

The first problem for the police was to identify the erstwhile owner of the arm. Through investigation and the publication of a photo of the limb in the newspapers, it

was soon determined that only two men in Australia wore such a tattoo. And it was quickly determined that one of them still had both his arms firmly in place. The other was reported to be one James Smith. The identity of the arm's owner was verified by fingerprints taken from the hand.

Smith, a 45-year-old billiard marker, ex-boxer and shady character, had last been seen 10 days before the arm surfaced in the aquarium. Then he had abruptly and inexplicably disappeared. For the first time it occurred to police that perhaps the missing man was not the unlucky prey of a vicious shark, but the victim of foul play. Coroners then determined that the arm had indeed been cut off with a knife before it had been swallowed by the shark. And it had not been amputated surgically, because no allowance for skin flaps had been made, as would have been the case had a surgeon done the cutting. Clearly the arm was not a hospital discard.

From here on, the story becomes complicated and, at times, obscure. The police trail quickly led to Reginald Holmes, a handsome and wealthy Sydney boat-

builder. Smith had worked as caretaker on Holmes' yacht *Pathfinder*. The police discovered that some time earlier *Pathfinder* had been deliberately sunk to defraud an insurance company of a large sum. The detectives alleged that several people had been involved in the crime, including Smith, Holmes and one Patrick Brady, and that when the fraud had misfired, disputes had broken out among the conspirators. The authorities charged that these disagreements had led to Smith's murder. Holmes vehemently denied all this, but he admitted that Brady, a questionable character, had come to see him on April 9, the day after Smith's disappearance, had tried to blackmail Holmes about the sinking of the yacht and had bragged of killing Smith.

Reports of blackmail, fraud and murder were featured on the front pages of Australian newspapers, but it was on charges of forgery that Brady was arrested on May 17. The seemingly cooperative Holmes was questioned by the police, and he promised to tell everything he knew to the coroner's inquiry. Clearly the forgery charge was merely being used to hold Brady until there was enough evidence to accuse him of Smith's murder.

Then, three days later a strange incident occurred in Sydney Harbor. A man out sailing with his children almost had his small craft swamped by an expensive, wildly careening motorboat. When he reported the reckless driver to the police he said, "You won't mistake him. He has a bullet hole in his forehead."

For the next two hours a Mack Sennett chase took place in the harbor. A police department craft and another launch with Holmes' brother on board frantically pursued Reginald Holmes as he drove his swift boat through and around pleasure craft, bounced off anchored vessels and careened past pilings and wharfs. When he was finally caught, his face a bloody mask, Holmes gave a semicoherent account of having been shot by strangers near his house and of having taken to his motorboat to escape further injury. He assumed, he said, that the two launches chasing him were being piloted by his assassins.



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YESTERDAY *continued*

A soft-nosed bullet was extracted from the wound in Holmes' forehead, and a week later, after a miraculously fast recovery, he made a lengthy statement to the police, which he promised to repeat before the coroner's inquest on June 12. "At last the shark arm mystery will be solved," reported a newspaper.

But Holmes never gave his evidence; the night before the hearing he was found slumped over the steering wheel of his car, a bullet through his head. This time the shot had been fatal.

At the next day's inquest, Brady was charged with the murder of Smith, but after 39 witnesses had been examined, Brady's lawyer appealed to a supreme court judge to prohibit the coroner from proceeding. His grounds were that the coroner had no jurisdiction to hold an inquiry on the basis of only an arm, because under a rather recondite British statute of 1276, a single limb could not be considered a body, and the presence of a body was essential to an inquest. In short, the lawyer argued, there was no corpus delicti. (That is a badly misused term. Webster's New World Dictionary states, "The corpus delicti in a murder case is not the body of the victim, but the fact that death has occurred and that it is the result of murder.")

Without an entire body, Brady's attorney said, there was no proof that Smith was even dead. He could be alive and well—except for the lack of an arm—somewhere in the world.

Nevertheless, the Crown bravely set out to prosecute Brady for the murder of Smith. It contended that Brady, under an assumed name, had rented a cottage at Cronulla, a seaside resort near Sydney, in March of 1935. Smith was last seen in toto (fully armed, as it were) on the night of April 8, when he played dominoes in a hotel at Cronulla with Brady and two local residents. The prosecution claimed that the next day Brady took a taxi to Sydney to see Holmes, bought a mattress and a metal trunk at a secondhand shop and returned to the resort. The Crown alleged that the resultant "unpleasantness at the Cronulla Cottage," as the newspapers referred to it, went as follows:

Smith was dismembered on the mattress, his parts were stuffed into the trunk, and the trunk was taken to sea in a boat and dumped. Detectives reasoned that the arm had not fit in the trunk, so a rope and a weight had been affixed to it.

continued



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YESTERDAY continued

Then it also was thrown over the side.

The defense rebutted with a hypothetical alternative. Why, Brady's lawyer asked, had the arm, which the prosecution claimed had been in the shark's stomach for a minimum of eight days and a maximum of 17, not been digested by the fish in the usual 24 hours? Couldn't the limb have been tossed into the aquarium after the shark's capture and never been ingested?

The Crown countered with expert ichthyologists who testified that the shark's digestive system could have been so upset by swallowing the arm that it failed to function normally. As for the possibility of the arm having been thrown into the aquarium after the shark's arrival there, the prosecution produced 14 witnesses who testified that they had witnessed the throwing up.

Brady repeatedly denied that he had killed or dismembered Smith. He did admit that the victim had been in his rented cottage the night of his disappearance, but he swore that Smith had left with Albert Stannard, a Sydney luncheon proprietor. Without the evidence of the murdered Holmes, the charges could not be sustained, and Brady was acquitted. "Of course, you are innocent, Mr. Brady, but please don't do it again, Mr. Brady," wrote one Sydney newspaper after Brady was acquitted.

So much for the shark arm victim and his assumed murderer, but what of the killing of Holmes, which was an indirect result of the fish's regurgitation? Thousands of dollars in rewards for information about Holmes' murderer were offered by newspapers and the Australian government, and eventually Stannard and J.P. Srong, a longshoreman, were accused of shooting him. A first trial resulted in a hung jury; in a second, Stannard was discharged at an early stage in the proceedings, and Srong was later acquitted of slaying Holmes.

After a dramatic beginning, the case had fizzled out. Australia's most sensational murders have still not been solved, though they had their impact on the legal world by forcing clarification of the meaning of the term corpus delicti. It was said that Holmes' widow knew what had actually taken place and was about to reveal all that her unfortunate husband had not been able to tell when, in another frustrating chapter of the crime, she died in a mysterious fire at her house in Sydney in November 1952.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

DORSETT VS. BELL

Sir

Isn't the first week of November a little early to be handing out the Heisman Trophy? In Myron Cope's 1,656-word Heisman snow job in favor of Tony Dorsett (*My, How He Does Run On, Nov. 8*), he generously allows Ricky Bell all of 35 words. Let's see who goes highest in the draft and makes a greater impact in the NFL.

DAVE ELGIN
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir

The Heisman Trophy should not be handed out until everyone gets to see Ricky Bell run against UCLA and Notre Dame. As much as one might wish to honor Dorsett for his fantastic career, Bell did run for 1,875 yards last year. And Ricky, not Tony, might now be the ultimate leading rusher if USC had not had a tailback named Anthony Davis in 1973 and 1974. So, let's re-evaluate.

STEVE SAILER
Houston

Sir

I can only be thankful that it was Archie Griffin who won back-to-back Heisman honors. Griffin was proud of his Heisman "bookends," but he also was always generous with praise of his teammates. He stated that he would gladly have traded his personal honors for a No. 1 rating for his Ohio State team. Unfortunately, those dreams fell short.

Tony Dorsett, on the other hand, does not paint a picture of an ideal athlete concerned with teamwork or support of his fellow players. Instead, he chooses a vain self-portrayal of wanting Tony to be No. 1. In one brief quote he uses the word "I" nine times. Dorsett has an enormous talent. It is too bad that he also has an enormous mouth and ego.

LINDA SAUTTER
Mansfield, Ohio

Sir

Although much of Dorsett's yardage is gained via his own expense, Myron Cope forgot to mention the people who block for the Hawk. The teamwork of George Mesiach, John Hanhauser, Joe Stone, John Pelusi, Tom Brzoza, Art Bortnick and Matt Carroll on the offensive line allows Dorsett to burst into the secondary and rewrite the NCAA record book.

JOHN DE STAZIO
HARRY GAUBROFF
BILL DEZAGGOWSKI
Pittsburgh

Sir

I am a Michigan fan, but in my opinion Tony Dorsett is the only real choice for the

Heisman Trophy. Dorsett has got to be the outstanding college football player of the last four years.

NELL STAMBERNA
Elmer, Mich.

Sir

To quote from Myron Cope's description of the final period of the Pitt-Syracuse game: "Third and one on the Pitt 11. Hurley handed off to James Sessler. Nothing. On fourth down it was Sessler again. And again nothing. Saved by its defense, Pitt."

Your article should have read: "Saved by the referees, Pitt." Game films show conclusively that Sessler's forward motion brought him to the nine-yard line, more than enough for a first down both times.

MICHAEL LUCARELLI
Syracuse, N.Y.

GONE APE

Sir

Your Nov. 8 cover photo of Tony Dorsett was great. But who or what are the apes in the upper right-hand corner?

KELLI DURAN
Fortuna, Calif.

Sir

I know Tony makes monkeys of opponents, but his own fans? That's ridiculous.

TONY BAMBILI
Affton, Mo.

Sir

I've heard of the 50 cover jinx before, but those two guys have the most severe case I've ever seen.

JIM RAVESY
Watertown, Conn.

Sir

Tony Dorsett must be the best back in college history if scouts came all the way from the Planet of the Apes to see him.

PATRICK SHAL GAGNEY
Liverpool, N.Y.

Sir

He really is an out-of-this-world running back.

TERIM BIRNEY
New Castle, Pa.

Sir

Would you please explain the appearance of those two moles?

PETER NEIBERARDT
Mortonsville, N.Y.

• It was the day before Halloween and some Pitt students dressed accordingly.—ED

'VICH AND 'RICH

Sir

Jerry Karshenbaum scored with his story on the Jazz backcourt combo of Pete Mar-

avich and Gail Goodrich (*New Guard for the Old Guard, Nov. 8*). I hope New Orleans fans never have to song the blues again.

ELLEN M. KIMPS
Lawrenceville, N.J.

Sir

Your article on 'Vich and 'Rich was super. New Orleans could have one of the best backcourts in the league. The Jazz needs only one other player—a power forward of Sidney Wicks' type—to finish second. Cleveland should easily win the division.

JIM RUTINS
Coom Rapids, Minn.

Sir

Maravich and Goodrich are indeed a great backcourt duo, but there is none better than Walt (Clyde) Frazier and Earl (the Pearl) Monroe of the Knicks.

MARK MAGHARIAN
Bronx, N.Y.

PROTECTING THE QUARTERBACK

Sir

Congratulations to Robert Jones on his informative article on the brutal treatment of the NFL quarterback (*Towing Up the Butcher's Ball, Nov. 8*). However, I was surprised that the elimination of the blitz was not discussed as a means of protecting the game's top drawing cards from the onslaught of defensive players who believe that quarterbacks are to be plucked (a la Terry Bradshaw) rather than tackled.

LARRY SHORE
Durham, N.C.

Sir

It is about time someone spoke out against the defensive tactics of the game, and Robert Jones has done it. I have seen some of the unnecessary injuries to quarterbacks and the NFL must start doing something about it.

JEFF KOCH
Kingsville, Texas

Sir

It occurs to me that perhaps the NFL asked for too much of quarterback injuries several years ago when it moved the hash marks closer to the center of the field. Before the change, it was rather common to see a quarterback break for the near sideline and step safely out of bounds before getting hit. Now this maneuver appears to be almost nonexistent, because the near sideline is farther away.

Granted, the biggest and best athletes in pro football are on the defense, and they seem to be getting bigger and better each season. But it should also be noted that they now have more field to work with.

BEN MANNING
East Lansing, Mich.
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Sir

According to Robert Jones' article, John Madden and Al Davis seem to think that the quarterback should get the same treatment as a punter, that is, as soon as the quarterback's arm goes forward, he should be unhittable. The one big problem here is that a quarterback often pumps without throwing, unlike a punter, who very rarely fakes a kick. Pumping to take advantage of the proposed rule would confuse the pass rush altogether. Once quarterbacks realized what was happening, they'd all fake. There would be hardly any sacks and this would make for boring football.

DAVID SOLOMONSKY
Philadelphia

Sir

Somewhere along the line someone made quarterbacks sacred. They are being coddled. This is wrong. The name of the game is football, not tiddledywinks, and in football you get hit.

T. CUEVA
Harrison, N.Y.

Sir

I suggest that on an offensive formation from the line of scrimmage the offensive team be permitted to field 12 men. The added man would be placed in the backfield wearing a special jersey that would identify him as the 12th man, and his sole responsibility would be to provide additional pass protection for the quarterback when he drops back into the pocket.

VINCENT A. CARLSON
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir

If the NFL adopted a penalty-box rule similar to the one employed in hockey, it might find the answer. Whether or not a team should be forced to play shorthanded, as in hockey, is a question that would have to be looked into. But if a defensive player were automatically forced to sit out a minimum 2½ defensive minutes for a personal foul, he might think twice before taking a cheap shot.

PALL CHASMAN
Portland, Ore.

POTVIN'S POTSHOT

Sir

I'm from New York and I love all the teams that represent New York, but who does Dennis Potvin of the Islanders think he is? The way he blasted the great Bobby Orr (*It Was Nothing to Write Home About*, Nov. 8) was disgusting. Even though Orr never played for New York, I must give him credit for what he is—the greatest hockey player of all time. I wish that Potvin could play half as well as Orr did in his prime.

JOAN GALEOTTI
Brooklyn

Sir

When Dennis Potvin has led the Islanders to two Stanley Cups in three years, earned the MVP award three years straight and com-

pletely dominated a hockey game, then he should be recognized as the best defenseman in the game.

MICK RAGO
Lincoln Park, Pa.

LITTLE ROBBIE

Sir

You finally recognized the talented "Superhero," better known as Little Robbie Florek (*A Little Bit Who Counts*, Nov. 8). I am a devoted Phoenix Roadrunner fan and have missed no more than five games in my six years as a hockey fanatic. However, I must say that the past two years have been the best, with the young, exciting and brilliant Robbie. What a valuable asset he is to our team and to the WHA!

LISA VETTER
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sir

You mention that Robbie Florek and the late Harry Agganis are the two most heralded high school athletes produced in the Greater Boston area since World War II. Let Peter Gammons forget, Joe Bellino also played high school ball in this area. And like Agganis, he excelled in several sports, not just one as did Florek.

RUD GAY
Lyndon Center, Vt.

SLOAN'S RAIDERS

Sir

Thanks for the great article on the Texas Tech Red Raiders (*A Real Lulu in Lubbock*, Nov. 8). The line describing the Lubbock air as "clear as Siruban glass" evoked severe pangs of homesickness.

The only thing that stuck in the craw of this exiled Tech fan was ABC's failure to telecast the super-exciting Tech-Texas encounter. Instead, we in the Southwest got the 36-0 A&M-SMU thriller.

JERINE LOOSCHMAN
San Antonio

Sir

Ron Reid's fine article caught the mood of the crowd, the city and the game, and it gave Tech the credit that is due the No. 5 team in the nation.

VERNON HOOKER
Lake Charles, La.

Sir

At the conclusion of your story you quote Texas Tech Defensive End Howard Buell as saying: "I don't know how this came about—it's a psychological kind of thing—but we've got something here that's exciting." That exciting something is probably Coach Steve Sloan. We were fortunate to have him at Vanderbilt for a couple of years and he created excitement and good football even for us.

JERRY Y. DEAN
Nashville

BIG EIGHT BOASTS

Sir

If Maryland's Mark Manges doesn't believe the boasts of Big Eight coaches (*FOOT-*

BALL'S WEEK, Nov. 8), he should consider the results of the past three NFL drafts. By my count, Oklahoma, Nebraska and Colorado totaled 82 drafters, the entire ACC had only 46. Kansas and Iowa State have each had more NFL drafters than Alabama, Arizona State, Arkansas, Houston, LSU, Maryland, Tennessee, Texas or Texas A&M. Only two or three squads could beat all the Big Eight teams in one season—but they play in the NFL.

RUSSELL BRANDT
Council Bluffs, Iowa

REMINDER

Sir

I am glad that you picked Eastern Montana Fullback Duke Williams as one of your Players of the Week (*FOOTBALL'S WEEK*, Nov. 8). People forget that some of the best pro football players come from small colleges.

SCOTT SANDBERG
Pikeville, Tenn.

THE BLACK 14

Sir

John Underwood's statement that the 14 black players on the University of Wyoming football team "insulted" on a protest of the racial policies of the Mormon Church before the 1969 game with Brigham Young is incorrect (*Seldom Is Heard a Discouraging Word*, Oct. 25).

As one of the 14 players dismissed from the team, I feel the article gives the reader the wrong impression. The 14 players went to Coach Lloyd Eaton to ask permission to protest the game in some way or form. Eaton's first words were, "You're all off the team." Not one of the 14 had the opportunity to express what was really on his mind.

We wanted to play the game. If Eaton had listened to us and said "No protest," we would have played the game regardless of our feelings about the Mormon Church. We had decided that before seeing Eaton. The 14 were denied the opportunity to speak never mind insisting on the protest.

As the article states, "Eaton was recognized for his strong principles and iron discipline," but those qualities are also what ruined a top-ranked team.

TONY GIBSON
Pittsfield, Mass.

GOOD GUY

Sir

Thanks for a good article by Sam Moses on professional motorcycle racing (*He's Loose as a Goose and Flies on a Bike*, Nov. 8). He captured the fever that produced the best racing season ever. However, he forgot to mention that in recent years the title has meant well over \$100,000 to the winner. Two years ago the total reportedly went over \$200,000.

I have known of Gary Scott since his first started racing for money. He has been a "good guy" until this year when various members of the press decided he was a bad guy—mainly because he was the first rider to turn

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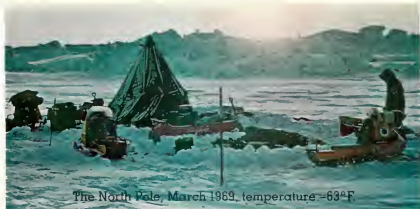
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